The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEPARTED YOUTH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Grieve that the days of my youth are departed?
No! I am glad they are happily past:
Glad to be free from their misty confusions—
Glad to be free from their doubts and delusions—
Glad to come up to the sunlight at last.

Grieve that the days of my youth have departed?
Now that the last has gone utterly by?
Grieve that the tempests of Passion are o'er—
Grieve that I whirl in its eddies no more?
Grieve at Life's calm-flowing current? Not I.

Grieve o'er the dreams of a youth now departed?
O'er the lost jewels of Faith, Love, and Truth?
They are not lost. With their light they surround me;
And Life's realities, crowding around me,
Are brighter and braver than visions of Youth.

HELEN M. PRATT.

THE KING OF CARD PLAYERS.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY LOUISE MUHLBACH.

AUTHOR OF "THE ELECTOR AND THE MONEY PRINCE," &c.

III.

THE GAMBLER AND THE SERF.

Thomas Raily left Carlton House to go out into the great world. His good star went with him, and "*Fortuna*" smiled upon her follower. In Paris they talked much of the wealthy and distinguished Englishman who might be found every evening at the gambling table in the foreigners' saloon of the *palais royal*. People spoke in the highest terms of praise of the handsome young man who lost and won thousands upon thousands with so much elegance of manner, who never paused in a conversation once begun, or broke off in the midst of some playful sally, even if at the moment he were pushing a few thousand *Louis d'or* to the keeper of the bank. It was a delightful sight to watch how elegantly this young cavalier played, and the French cavaliers thronged around him, called him their friend, and invited him into their saloons.

To be sure he had the patent of nobility with him, the nobility of gold, and everywhere he was the honored lion, the *exquisite* in the palaces of the great.

"Ha, what a fool I should have been had I remained in little narrow Bath, and sorrowed away my life in writing. A poor, miserable creature I should have been, whom the people would have passed by unnoticed. Now when I speed through the streets in my superb equipage, drawn by four horses, the people stand still to gape after me, and say, 'that is the wealthy Thomas Raily;' and no one asks whence my riches come. I have them, that suffices. The world is mine, and I will make more out of it than my worthy teacher, Arthur Nash. He is the guest of kings, but I mean that kings shall be my guests."

This he said to himself one morning as he was moving eagerly through his apartment at the elegant hotel in Moscow in which he had taken quarters, smilingly locking up the *rubles* in silver and paper that he had won the night before at the card-table of Prince Kussakoff, and gazing with loving eyes upon his heaps of notes and bills of exchange.

"I am not yet a rich man, though," he said, shaking his head deprecatingly; "I have not yet by any means so much that I can say, it is enough, enough to blind the eyes of the people, enough to really live as a king and receive kings! I must have at least a million, and where shall I get it? Aid me, '*Fortuna*,' that I find it; it lies in the purses of these idiots and fools who sit nights through with me at the green table. Stand by me, '*Fortuna*,' that I may draw it forth and place it in my chest, and then stand by me that I may gain courage to lock the chest as well as my heart, and touch from that time forth no cards. Ah, that will be a glorious day when I return home rich as a god, and can say to Alice: 'I did right to leave you that time, for only a rich man can be happy upon earth.'"

As he spoke thus there came a rumbling as of thunder, causing the window panes to rattle, and Thomas Raily went to the window to see what was the matter.

A brilliant equipage rolled up the silent street, to the door of the hotel.

"Truly," he said, "this equipage is handsomer than mine. It must belong to some prince or duke who perhaps resides in this same hotel. Ah, he is alighting. How respectfully the lackeys hasten forward to assist him; he waves them back. He is a Russian, a young, handsome man, with proud, magnificent bearing. He is doubtless some *boyar* from the provinces, who still wears the costume of the old Russian nobility."

Scarcely had he withdrawn from the window than there came a knock at the door, and a servant announced that a stranger was without desiring an audience with the celebrated Thomas Raily.

*A nobleman in the Russian empire.

RAILY AND THE COUNT.

The latter hastened to the door to receive the stranger.

It was the handsome *boyar* he had seen below who now entered. With the courtly manners of a true cavalier he greeted Thomas, and addressed him in the purest, most elegant French.

"I have had the honor, sir," he said, "to meet you several times in society, and hope you will pardon me for calling to pay my respects without further acquaintance."

"Ah, that is true, now I recognize you and remember that I have already had the pleasure," said Thomas Raily politely. "I should be most happy if I could be of any service to you, for—pardon me for saying so—I read in your countenance that you come to give me the pleasure of aiding you in some way."

"You have a wonderful knowledge of human nature," laughed the stranger, "and you are right; I come to ask of you a very great, a very important service. Before all else, however, I must beg one thing of you: Whatever may be the result of our conference, give me your word of honor to maintain the strictest secrecy regarding what I am about to tell you; an indiscreet word from you might ruin my whole future. Accept first, though, my most earnest assurance that you will not be in the least compromised by what I am about to tell you and implore you to do for me. Will you give me your word to keep secret from every one all that I impart to you—your word of honor as a gentleman?"

A cursory smile flitted across Thomas Raily's face, and his eyes wandered over to his desk.

"Thou hast given me all," he thought, "all, honor and distinction; without thee I should not be called a gentleman of honor! Sir," he said aloud, "I give you my word of honor as a gentleman that nothing of all you tell me shall ever pass my lips! Will our conference be of long duration?"

"I would beg of you to grant me about an hour."

Thomas Raily went to the door, opened it, and gave orders to the lackeys to quit the ante-chamber and to keep guard at its door, that no one should enter until the stranger had left.

"So!" he said, returning to the supposed boyar; "and now, sir, I belong entirely to you, I am yours with heart and ear."

"My name is Swerkof Federowitsch," said the stranger, bowing low, "and I am a merchant of the first class."

"That is to say," said Thomas Raily respectfully, "you are a millionaire. You see I know very well what high rank a merchant of the first class holds here in Moscow."

"Yes, sir," replied Swerkof simply, "I possess several millions. I live in your neighborhood, but my mercantile house and my home are in Tula; I have a handsome dwelling, sir, a palace whose apartments contain treasures that recall somewhat Aladdin's fairy palace. My mercantile establishment increases daily, and my millions accumulate rapidly. My father was a very wise, industrious and energetic man; he began life in the fur trade in southern Russia, and his property grew quickly. When he was worth a few millions he handed over the business to me, and now he is spending his old age in luxury and ease in our palace at Tula. Would not one think I ought to be a happy man?" continued Swerkof, with a melancholy smile. "I am rich, immensely rich; I tell you this, however, not that I may boast of my treasures, but rather that I may show you that notwithstanding my millions, notwithstanding my palace and the glitter that surrounds me, I am a wretched, miserable man, who is perishing with vexation and mortification, and who will die if you do not stand by and aid him."

"I?" cried Raily, springing up in amazement from his seat; "I aid you, a millionaire?"

"My dear sir," sighed Swerkof, "you see it is not wealth that gives happiness. I have it, and yet I repeat to you I am a wretched being! And do you know wherefore?"

Thomas Raily had fallen back into his seat and was looking wonderingly at him.

"My dear sir, how can I know? You do not look by any means like an unhappy man, and I should suppose that misery could be easily endured by those who drive out in such an equipage as yours."

"And yet appearances are often deceptive. I have told you my name. I have told you that I am living in your neighborhood, and you do not yet know my misfortune? Have you never read the tablet that hangs over the door of my house?"

Thomas Raily shrugged his shoulders. "No!"

"Well, then," continued Swerkof, "I will tell you. It is written above my door: 'Swerkof Federowitsch, property of Count Kutusof.'*

"Ah, sir, now I understand!" exclaimed Raily. "You are a serf?"

"Yes," cried Swerkof with touching emotion. "Yes, I am a serf! I belong to Count Kutusof, that man without heart or soul. This it is that brings me to you. I know you are acquainted with the count, and have daily intercourse with him—three consecutive days I have watched you walking arm in arm in friendly chat with him. Therefore I come to you, sir, to say: 'Release me from Count Kutusof!'"

"How can I do so?" asked Raily perfectly amazed.

"That you shall learn. I implore you to hear me to the end. I have made many inquiries about you, and learn everywhere that you are noble and highminded. In addition to this you are an Englishman, and know, therefore, how to prize freedom beyond all else. I, sir, am not free, my soul, my heart, my whole life is in bondage, and to you I look for release. But first I beg of you to listen to the following facts: My father was the serf of the count's father; he lived with him on his estate near the Ural; he had been purchased from some bankrupt relative or other, and the old count had taken a fancy to the pretty, docile boy. He had him educated, and because he became faithful and attached he grew very fond of the boy, kept him always about him, and finally bequeathed him a considerable fortune. Oh, sir, at his death he left my father wealth, but he had forgotten to give him his freedom as well. So he continued to be the serf of the son as he had been the serf of the father, and I was born and grew up a serf, and our present owner permitted my father to establish himself in Tula. We became rich and illustrious, and every year the count receives from us the high tribute our station imposes upon us. My father gave me a brilliant education. Alas, would that he had allowed me to grow up in darkness and ignorance, that I might have been duller to the sense of my shame and my misfortune! My father loves me, and often he has urged me to emigrate to some foreign land, where under an assumed name I might establish myself as a free and happy man. But, my dear sir, in that case I should be obliged to leave my native land forever, I should have to cast my poor old father into the depths of misery and despair, for he would never cease to long for me, and more than that our master would revenge himself on my old father; he would let him feel his wrathful indignation by imposing upon him as serf menial services. I know the vengeance of which our master is capable, and I fear it. Nevertheless there is a still stronger reason keeps me back, something else that binds me with inviolable fetters."

"I see it by your beaming face," said Raily with a low laugh. "This something else that keeps you back is love!"

"Yes, it is love!" he cried enthusiastically. "It is love, sir, that makes me feel the shame of slavery with double force. I love a noble, handsome, virtuous girl. She is the daughter of a poor merchant, and is nevertheless infinitely richer than I—she is free. I dare not offer her my hand, dare not make her my wife, for if I did so she would have to share my misery, would have to bind about her brow the full signet of bondage! Yet, I assure you, dear sir, we shall both die of despair if it is denied us to belong to one another. For Olga loves me; she has vowed never to give her hand to another man; and I have promised her never to take this dear hand in mine until I can do so as a free man. And now I implore, I entreat you to help us, to release us, for it lies in your power to make two human beings happy!"

"It would give me pleasure if I could serve you in any way! But really I do not understand—"

"You shall understand immediately," interrupted Swerkof. "As I said before I often see you in friendly discourse with Count Kutusof, but I cannot believe that you love him, for I look upon you as a noble, kind-hearted man, and it is impossible that you can have real friendship for this man, who is so utterly devoid of heart and conscience."

"Oh, to be sure," said Raily, shrugging his shoulders, "it is merely such a friendship as can be found anywhere. People meet, are friendly and pleasant together so long as they are in luck, and forget one another just as rapidly when either meet with reverses. I became acquainted with the count at the English club. He is a man of rank, agreeability, distinction and wealth, and knows how to turn all he has to account. He is, besides, an accomplished gambler!"

"That is it, he is a gambler!" cried Swerkof with beaming eyes and a happy smile, "he is a gambler, and upon that fact rests my hopes. Perhaps at play at the green table you could release me!"

"Permit me to suggest a much simpler method of release," said Raily, shrugging his shoulders. "*Fortuna* is capricious, and it would be quite in the range of possibilities that she should frown upon me, and render my effort useless. The simplest remedy would be for you to purchase your own freedom from your master."

"How often have I proposed that to him! Yes, I will confess everything to you, my humiliation and my shame! I have lain at his feet in tears, and besought him to give me my freedom. I have offered everything I possess for my freedom, for I feel the power within me to win all back again when I am once free. I have offered him millions!"

"And he has refused them?" asked Raily amazed.

"Yes, he has refused them, for he has a heart of stone, and it tickles the vanity of this lavish, spend-thrift count, to number a millionaire among his serfs. It pleases him to be able to say when he sees me in public: 'Look at him, he is a millionaire, he has the handsomest equipage in Moscow, he is the wealthiest merchant here, and yet he is my serf, it requires but a word from me to bring him hither to kiss my boot!'"

"It is indeed horrible!" sighed Raily, for even in the breast of the gambler there stirred a feeling of pity and sympathy at the sight of this pale, agonized countenance. "Tell me at once how I can help you."

Swerkof, moved by Raily's sympathetic tone, grasped his hand and pressed it rapturously.

"Listen to me. I am told that card-playing amounts to a passion with you. You are rich enough to indulge in it as a pleasure, a pastime, and I have no doubt it depends only upon your will for you to give up gambling and never take another card in your hand. But it is different with Count Kutusof. He is a passionate player, who, particularly when he meets with reverses, knows neither moderation nor reason. I have watched him for months, and I assure you when he meets with losses he will stake anything to redeem them."

"You are right, I have observed this passion, the worst in a player."

"Well, sir, from this passion I hope to win my freedom! You have luck at cards, I have observed that you always win in play with Count Kutusof."

Raily glanced smilingly over to his secretary.

"It is true, I am indebted to him for some thousand *rubles!*"

"My dear sir, make him lose more, and any losses it may cause you to meet I will pay ten thousand fold! But, no," he continued more calmly, "forgive me, I do not believe you play for money, you satisfy a caprice when you play; satisfy a noble caprice by playing for me! Bring the count on to lose, and when he has no more ready money left persuade him to stake a little patch of land he owns on the banks of the Volga. It is a little hamlet consisting of about fifty huts, where dwell the serfs of the count. This poor hamlet is my birthplace. I belong there as a part of the land, goods and chattels of my master. Around this centres my plans. I have often besought the count with tears and supplications to sell me this spot. I would have paid him millions for it, but he has only repulsed me with scorn and derision. Now, then, what he has refused me he may perhaps accede to you in the heat of play. Yes, I am sure he will do it! I saw him yesterday smilingly stake a valuable solitaire, an ancient heirloom of his family, and lose."

Raily raised the hand on which glittered the marvellous jewel.

"Yes," he mused, "the costly heirloom has afforded me real pleasure! I shall wear the ring this evening to incite the count's wrathful indignation, for he plays recklessly when he is enraged."

"Yes, incite him to anger!" cried Swerkof, with tears in his eyes, "and wrest from him this little hamlet on the banks of the Volga. I give you unlimited credit on my account. If you lose, increase your stake double, threefold, an hundred fold! I will pay all! Only win me the hamlet, if it cost millions!"

Raily looked upon him with sparkling eyes; the young man's eagerness excited him. It seemed to him almost an affair of honor, to bow the fiery spirit of his opponent gambler beneath his will, and he said—

"I had purposed travelling away from here to-day for Vienna—now I shall remain; and I promise you to stake my last sovereign to win this little estate. But allow me to say beforehand, I shall not suffer you to defray any losses. In heaven and upon earth I have much to expiate and redeem; and I believe if I set you free from bondage, it will give me an opportunity of casting from my own soul many a burthen. But you must have patience—it may be that the decisive moment will come neither to-day nor to-morrow. One must watch for the right moment, the lucky day. So sure as the time comes, however, I will let you know. Some preparatory dealings with the count are needful before coming to the point. Depend upon me!"

*At that time, about the year 1814, serfs were obliged to place a tablet above the doors of their houses, on which their names with the names of their owners were written.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE GAMBLING-TABLE.

Two days had elapsed during which Raily had accidentally, as it were, avoided the count. He had besides played less than usual; and whenever he had seen the count enter the card-room or the club, he had arisen, saying—

"I play no more to-day, fortune is not propitious to me;" looking, as he said so, impatiently at Count Kutusof.

But this persistent avoidance had excited the gambler. When Raily left, Kutusof always followed him; and the more the former avoided playing with the latter, the more the latter had desired it.

"You shall no longer escape me," he said, as he met Raily at the club door on the third day. "You always leave, of late, the moment I arrive! There must be a stop to this, Raily—you owe me a compensation. The diamond on your hand makes me indignant, and I will have compensation!"

"And for that very reason I decline playing," said Raily; "I find the solitaire marvellously beautiful, and I wish to keep it. It shall remain as heirloom in our family."

The count laughed.

"Have you family, sir? I was not aware that you were of the nobility, and possessed ancestors and family heirlooms!"

"I hope to be indebted to you for them," said Raily, casting upon him a fiery look.

The gambler had understood the gambler, and both knew that there was warfare to the death—that is, that it aimed at the ruin of one or the other of them!

"You challenge me," said the count, insultingly. "You give up avoiding me? You give me compensation for the *solitaire*?"

"If it must needs be, yes! But I tell you before we begin I shall lose to-day, it is an unlucky day for me; and it is cruel of you to constrain me to play this day of all others!"

The count laughed triumphantly.

"But recently it was an unlucky day for me—and yet we played. Come, Mr. Raily, let us go at once to the card-table!"

He called several cavaliers around him, and they seated themselves around the card-table.

Raily drew the ring from his finger and laid it upon the cards—whilst Count Kutusof laid two thousand gold pieces upon his.

"Let us begin! Rasumoweky, you shuffle the cards!"

The count took the cards; and now a deep silence ensued, no sound was audible but the soft falling of the cards from right to left, and the slow calling out of the names. Raily had placed the solitaire upon the king of hearts—the king of hearts won.

Count Kutusof turned pale, and made at once a movement to thrust from him the money; but Raily raised his hand and put down a *paroli*. Count Kutusof smiled, and deposited triple the amount.

"Play on!" he cried.

The players and cavaliers stood around watching the progress of the play. The second time luck fell to Raily. He smiled and laid down a *sixlcens;* and Count Kutusof placed two new rolls of gold on his cards.

"Onward!"

And onward went the play—slowly fell the cards from right to left, and slowly were the cards called out.

A shriek rang from the lips of the count, a wild shriek! Raily had lost; Count Kutusof had his *solitaire* and his money again!

"You see I was wise in avoiding you," said Raily, rising to his feet; "I knew that henceforth I shall have a stream of ill-luck with you—so I beg you to excuse further play. You have recovered your *solitaire* to my infinite regret."

"Yes, I have recovered it, and hope that it may not be carried off from me again; but let us proceed further, sir!"

"No, sir, I have declined, and must keep to my word. I could only expect ill-luck with you! And because I like you and value your friendship, permit me to say that I shall never play with you again."

He bowed courteously to the count, hastened from the club, and did not return for several days.

But the more sedulously he avoided the count the more pains the latter took to seek him out. A sort of feverish impatience had seized him, and compelled him to pursue one who so studiously avoided him. Into every society or saloon where Raily went, Count Kutusof was sure to follow him. And he urged him to take a place with him at the green table.

"Well, well, sir," said Raily, after four days of incessant pursuit, "well, well, you will have it so; let us, then, play—although it is rather ungenerous of you, for I feel confident that I shall lose!"

The eyes of Count Kutusof sparkled with delight. "You are perhaps deceiving yourself, *mon cher;* possibly it may be I who shall lose!"

"Well, then," said Raily, "I will come to-day to the English Club; there we will begin the contest. You must, however, make me one promise: to give me, in case I lose everything, a sufficient sum to carry me home, however humbly."

"I will hold a thousand *roubles* in readiness for you in case you lose everything. Gentlemen, you are my witnesses!"

"We are your witnesses!" said the cavaliers present, "and will also be your witnesses at the club."

"Why at the club?" cried Count Kutusof; "let the contest take place in my palace! Gentlemen, and my friends, I invite you all this evening to my palace."

In the evening the count's palace was dazzling with the light of candles. The whole suit of saloons was thrown open, and the crystal lustrals, which shed around the light of day, illuminated the splendor of the apartments, the gold embroidered tapestry hangings, the grand Venetian mirrors, and costly furniture. Count Kutusof advanced with proud smiles through the saloons.

"It should indeed be difficult for this Mr. Raily to take precedence over me! I feel quite sure, quite content; possibly I shall retire to-night with half a million more than now! And this man who has neither rank nor title, who is nothing but a miserable gambler, shall be trodden to the earth by me, and never more dare to show his face at the club!"

But, nevertheless, when Mr. Raily was announced, the Russian count advanced to meet him with open arms, assuring him that he had just been thinking of him with the intensest longing, and beseeching him to place confidence in his friendship and believe that they could remain friends who ever was this evening favored by fortune.

Soon the other guests arrived, and they laughed and jested, and drank and rejoiced in their merry existence. After partaking of a sumptuous repast they seated themselves around the green table, and the game began.

They had chosen faro for this single combat of the two great players, and Count Kutusof held the bank solemnly and earnestly as he had never been known to act before. Raily piled on the table several rolls of gold, and a heap of Russian paper money.

Count Kutusof contemplated it with greedy eyes.

"I tell you, Raily, all that will shortly be mine."

"And I repeat that I myself am convinced of it; and that on this account I did not wish to play with you, as you know."

The game began. The gentlemen had gathered around the table, and all gazed with breathless attention upon the two opponents who were contending for "*Fortuna's*" favors, the one with passionate eagerness, the other, as it appeared, with resigned modesty.

The dealing down was at an end, and with a happy smile, Kutusof drew over Raily's gold pieces.

"Proceed, proceed! We will not cease to-day before one or other of us possesses nothing more to lose."

"We will do so, count. I know that it is a struggle for life and death, and have made my will—that is, I have bequeathed my faithful dog, for him you will not desire, to the owner of my *hotel*. Cut the cards, Count Kutusof, proceed!"

The count, his hands trembling with desire and passion, cut the cards—and they flew right and left; and once more Raily had lost. The heaps of gold, the greater part of the paper money, all had disappeared; and nevertheless Raily remained calm and composed; he even smiled.

"Proceed, Count Kutusof, proceed!"

With more trembling speed than before, the latter dealt out the cards.

"King of hearts—I have won," said Raily, calmly, pointing to his cards.

Yes, he had won an hundred *Louis-d'or* on the cards. Kutusof smiled as he pushed over the money.

"A little alms-penny toward the journey, Raily."

And once more the cards flew from right to left, and the beholders saw with secret delight, that luck was again on Raily's side.

Count Kutusof, with difficulty suppressed an oath, as he pushed over the money, the last he had won from Raily.

"See there," exclaimed the latter, "the Goddess "*Fortuna*" is merciful. She wishes to bestow one smile in parting upon her former adorer. Proceed!"

"I stake ten thousand *roubles!*"

"And I the same," replied Raily, with perfect coolness, laying down the sum on the queen of hearts.

"Truly you are presumptuous. The queen of hearts is "*Fortuna*" herself."

"And to her I confide my life happiness," said Raily, depositing *karoli* as the queen of hearts fell upon his side.

"You are rash, Raily!"

"Rash as one in despair, Count Kutusof, who grasps at a straw when he is drowning."

"Ah, the straw keeps him above water. Just look, Raily has won!" Such was the exclamation of the spectators around the table, as they saw that luck was again on Raily's side.

Count Kutusof grew somewhat pale.

"You seem to be siding against me, gentlemen!"

"Count, it is natural to side with the player who meets his losses gracefully; and Raily has shown us how that can be done. We cannot grudge him the momentary favor of fortune.

"Yes, it will be but momentary!" cried Kutusof, drawing forth from his pocket-book new bank notes and throwing them down upon the table. "Proceed, sir!"

And the play went on, and again and again luck fell to Raily. Already Count Kutusof's ready money was exhausted.

"Now, my jewels, my rings!" said he. He drew them from his fingers and placed them upon the cards. "Here, too, my watch, set with diamonds. My father received it as a gift from the Empress Kathrina. It is an heir-loom, and I shall retain it and your money too."

"We shall see, Count Kutusof," replied Raily, calmly.

The count paused a moment before proceeding further.

"Right, left, right, left. By ——, Raily, you have won again."

"I am sorry, Count Kutusof, and if you choose we will stop playing, for you see '*Fortuna*' is, after all, a woman—that is to say, she has her caprices."

"You wish to insult me, Raily!" cried Kutusof? "What do I care for the fickleness of fortune? I shall coerce her to return to me! Ho! there, Ivan Karkoref! tell my secretary to bring me my casket of diamonds out of my jewel chest."

The lackeys hastened away, and returned, accompanied by the count's secretary, bearing upon a silver waiter two caskets filled with jewels.

"Well, Raily, you cannot pretend to cope with such treasures."

"Count, you have commanded a continuance of the game; I bow to your decision. We shall see. You, gentlemen, are witnesses that I am ready to finish the rubber."

The gentlemen affirmed this, and exclaimed: "We are also witnesses that Count Kutusof wishes to stand by his determination to play on."

"Yes, I will stand by it. I will see this Mr. Raily leave my doors a beggar when the morning dawns."

But "*Fortuna*" was smiling again upon Raily, and remained faithful to him through the night. The jewelry, the trinkets, the precious stones—all went over to Raily's side. And there he sat, calm and smiling, whilst the trembling Kutusof was scarcely able to suppress his emotions.

"Count Kutusof, I once more repeat my offer to break off this rubber," said Raily, and each of these measured, slowly-spoken words fell like a lash upon the count.

"One more such word," he shrieked, "and with my clenched fist—"

"Count Kutusof, you are growing insulting. But I can pardon it on the plea of your ill luck."

"I have no ill luck. Who can say that Count Kutusof has ill luck? We will play further, and in half an hour you shall see that all will be mine again!"

"Good; we shall play further, but dare I ask you for what?"

"Bring the sacred paintings from my chapel; they are set with diamonds, and are of immense value."

Then his friends gathered around him, and earnestly entreated him to cease play for this night.

"Consider, count, you are risking your fortune, and before all, the favor of the Emperor Alexander. We all know that the Emperor does not love cards, and it enrages him greatly that in the sacred city of Moscow the passion for faro is so prevalent. Reflect upon that, count! Your whole future depends upon the game."

"What do I care for the future! See, there come the sacred paintings! There is the beautiful Madonna of Kasan, with the frame set with rubies and emeralds. Raily, have you ever seen anything to compare with that?"

"I have seen much, Count Kutusof, but never such a passionate player as you are. For the last time I entreat you to break off."

"And for the last time," he shrieked, striking with his clenched fist upon the table, "for the last time I forbid you insulting me thus. Proceed! Take over the Madonna of Kasan; she is the patroness of our house, she will not forsake me."

But this night it seemed as though all defence had fled from the proscribed house of Kutusof. The Madonna of Kasan passed into the possession of Raily, and he laid it reverentially, as the most precious of all his treasures, upon the heaps of gold, diamonds and jewels which lay near the bonds before him.

"Proceed, proceed, Raily, the game is not yet at an end."

"In that case I request the Count Kutusof to specify for what he will now play!"

The count looked wildly around him.

"What have I?" he asked. "The diamonds, the treasures, my equipages, my horses, all belong to you, Raily! But we must play on! Bring chalk, Ivan!"

The servant hastened off, and in a moment returned and handed the chalk to the count. With trembling hand the latter seized it, and wrote with feverish speed upon the green carpet: Ten thousand *roubles*.

"We are playing on credit, Raily!"

Slowly and with dignity the latter arose from his seat. "Pardon me, Count Kutusof. I never play on credit. It is an old rule amongst us gamblers, only to play for ready money or for articles of intrinsic value—never for credit. I hate debts of honor, count. You will, of course, permit me now to call in my people to bear out my treasures to my carriage."

Count Kutusof made no reply. He sprang from his seat, made a rush upon Raily, and held him forcibly with both arms.

"You shall not go, Raily. I beseech you to remain!"

"Out of compassion I shall remain."

"No!" exclaimed the gentlemen surrounding the two opponents, "no, Raily, do not remain, in his excitement he is ready to do the worst. Go, Raily, go!"

"Yes," said Raily, "I will go."

And he took his hat, held it at the edge of the table and brushed the diamonds, jewels and gold into it with his hand.

Count Kutusof watched him with a terrible expression of countenance, and his whole form trembled.

"Raily, if you have any mercy, do not go now; I beseech you as a favor to remain! Let us play only just one more game."

Raily gazed at him earnestly, as though endeavoring to probe to the very depths of his soul. Then a smile flitted across his face; he knew that the proper moment had arrived.

"You sincerely wish me to remain, Count Kutusof! And I will prove to you and these gentlemen that I cherish no desire to make Count Kutusof a beggar. I will make you a proposition, count. I have wandered about long enough in the world, and made use of sufficient observation to learn that money alone will not suffice amongst men, but that one must also have rank and station. Now I desire to own an estate. I should like to be able to say, 'I am master of such and so many souls.' You can afford me the opportunity, Count Kutusof. You told me recently of a little hamlet that you owned on the banks of the Volga. I am ready to stake against it all that I have won this night, the money, the jewels, the valuable paintings, with the exception of this fifty thousand *roubles* which I retain. You, on your part, can stake the little hamlet on the banks of the Volga. Do you accept my proposition, Count Kutusof?"

Without a word of reply the Count hastened through the saloon, and disappeared through the adjoining apartment.

The gentlemen standing round the table looked wonderingly at each other, and asked one another what this could signify. Whilst they were discussing it, Count Kutusof returned with a paper in his hand.

"There, Raily, there is the deed for my hamlet Uriella, on the banks of the Volga. There it lies on the table facing the money, the diamonds and bonds. And now we shall see! Take your place, Raily, and you, gentlemen, come; it is the last contest for luck, and if it fails me I know what I have to do!"

A pause ensued. Count Kutusof had taken his place again, Raily stood opposite him, and around the table stood the spectators. Count Kutusof tried to deal out the cards as before, but his hands trembled so violently that he was unable to do it.

"One moment's patience, only one moment!"

Then collecting himself, with a powerful effort he shuffled the cards for the last contest of despair.

A howl of rage.

"Lost again, Raily! My hamlet Uriella, on the banks of the Volga, is yours, like everything else that I possessed."

Over Raily's countenance there broke a smile, such as had never before been seen upon face of gambler, and a look of gratitude and joy was cast upward to Him who holds in His eternal hands the hearts and destinies of men.

"Count Kutusof," he said, in a low, gentle voice, "my fifty thousand *roubles* I have withdrawn, my hamlet on the Volga I will also withdraw, but if you choose we will continue with the remaining stakes. *Quitte or double!* for the remaining stakes."

"Yes, let us play for the remaining stakes!" shrieked Count Kutusof, in a shrill, unnatural tone. "Let us play for the remaining stakes!"

"You are my witnesses, gentlemen, *quitte or double!* Name your color, count."

"Red!" shrieked the count, "red as my blood!"

Raily slowly turned up the cards, and then bowed slowly before the count.

"Count, you have won; all that lies there is yours."

Count Kutusof uttered a scream of joy, and fell back in a swoon.

The gentlemen thronged about Raily, offering him their hands.

"You are a nobleman, a cavalier—accept our friendship and esteem. We will take care that the emperor hears of your noble action."

"No," said Raily, "no, gentlemen, do not do so, for this would injure the poor count. I beg of you go to his assistance without further delay. For I confess I need repose. Good night, gentlemen!"

"Strange," he murmured to himself, as his carriage sped through the midnight streets to his *hotel*, "strange, a phantom was before me the whole evening through; it seemed as though opposite me, beside the Count Kutusof, there sat Alice, my beautiful, unhappy Alice, gazing at me with clasped hands as though supplicating for him. And this made a fool of me!" he exclaimed aloud, "made me yield up to the shame-faced gambler what was my own. No matter—I can say one day in the presence of the great Judge, that I have done one good deed in the course of my career as a gambler; and perhaps in consideration of that He will pardon me for many another misdeed."

The carriage had arrived now before his *hotel*, and Raily hastened up to his apartment, wrote a few lines hurriedly on a slip of paper, and handed it to his lackey.

"Carry that to-morrow morning early, to the merchant Swerkof-Feodorowitsch!"

Then he threw himself, without undressing, upon his couch—for a deathly weariness had now overpowered him; and the lackey had scarcely left the room, before the calm, regular breathing showed that Raily had fallen into a profound sleep.

Early in the morning, the lackey carried the note to Swerkof Feodorowitsch, and the latter, when he had read it, regardless of the presence of the amazed lackey, sank upon his knees, and covered the paper with kisses.

"Hasten back to your master, and tell him that I will be with him in an hour!"

An hour later, just as Raily had left his couch, Swerkof Feodorowitsch entered his apartment, leading by the hand a young and beautiful lady.

Neither uttered a word, but their eyes, which were turned affectionately upon Raily, their enraptured smiles, the tears which coursed down their cheeks, plainly spoke their gratitude and their joy. They floated thus hand in hand through the apartment, and knelt before Raily, who, deeply moved, had risen to his feet, and stood gazing upon them, pale and speechless.

"Oh, beloved, noble man," finally exclaimed the young lady, in joyous tones. "We owe everything to you—you are our ruler, our master! Complete your noble work, by giving us your blessing."

And a rare sight took place, one of which at another moment Raily would have been ashamed. A tremor passed through his whole frame, his eyes grew misty, hot tears streamed over his cheeks. He folded his hands, looked up to Heaven, and whispered—

"Alice, will you now forgive me the evil I have done? Will you pray for me now?"

With a steady movement of his hand he brushed away the tears, then advanced to the table, took up the deed for the hamlet Uriella on the Volga, and handed it to the kneeling bride, at the same time assisting her to arise.

"God bless you, my dear, beautiful child! Here! This is my bridal gift to you! I have heard that an enfranchised serf cannot become the owner of an estate, therefore I present this document to you. Swerkof Feodorowitsch is now your property, and when he becomes your husband he will be free like you, and will only wear the fetters of love and fidelity his life through."

"But in addition to these fetters, also those of gratitude, everlasting, unquenchable gratitude!" exclaimed Swerkof, rising and embracing Raily with passionate tenderness. "We owe to you our entire happiness, our future, our lives. And now pardon us for desiring you to accept a token of gratitude! Accept this!"

He drew from his breast-pocket a pocket-book, and handed it to Raily.

But the latter declined it, saying:

"Permit me, Swerkof, to enjoy undisturbed the one moment of my life of which no one on earth need be ashamed. Your gratitude is reward enough for me. Do not forget me. I am about to leave Moscow, for I fear the anger of Count Kutusof. He will never forgive me for what has occurred this night between us. Keep me in your remembrance, my friends, and if you will, beautiful young maiden, remember me in your nightly prayer and ask God one day to pardon all my sins."

"I will pray God to make you as happy as you deserve," replied the young maiden. "But I entreat you to allow us the pleasure of presenting you with this little gift. Accept this pocket-book, that we may have the gratification of knowing you bear about you something to remind you of us."

And Swerkof united his entreaties with those of his betrothed, and they persisted until Raily consented to accept the pocket-book. Then after an affectionate leave-taking Raily conducted them down to their equipage, and returned musingly to his room.

For the first time for many months he felt lonely and wretched, and thought of Alice, thinking: "Happy is he who has a beloved wife!" Then conscience awakened within him, crying: "All this hast thou lost through thine own fault; but go further through life, '*Fortuna*' is thy bride, follow her until she hurls thee into the abyss!"

"Yes, I will follow her," said Raily, brushing the last tears from his eyes. "These are absurd, sentimental ideas, money is my kingdom, and I will possess it. And now let us see what the pocket-book contains."

He opened it and found within a sealed letter with the inscription: "*To Mr. Raily, the free man who enfranchised me. Swerkof Feodorowitsch.*"

Raily read these words, whilst a smile of satisfaction broke over his countenance. Then he broke the seal, and drew out the contents.

It was a bill of exchange for a million *roubles* in silver, a letter of credit on the house of Arnstein & Eskeles in Vienna.

A beam of joy sparkled in his eyes—"A million! Now I have reached my goal, I am a rich man! I will go now to Vienna, to the Congress of kings and princes."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Editorial Pleasantries.

The editors of Terre Haute and Lafayette, Indiana, indulge themselves in occasional pleasantries like the following: The reason why Lafayette doesn't build a rink is this—The ladies of that city have such big feet that no more than four or five could skate in a rink at one time; therefore the concern wouldn't pay.—*Terre Haute Journal.*

It is a number eleven lie. The Lafayette ladies are celebrated for their pretty feet. All's well, you know, that ends well, and the Terre Haute editor, afflicted with the daily exhibition of agricultural hoofs, is dying of envy. Goodwin, of our city, once made a pair of twenty-eights for a Terre Haute belle. He built them in the back yard on a sort of marine railway, and launched them. If ever an old woman lived in a shoe, it was down at Terre Haute.—*Lafayette Courier.*

☞ A fat sheep will produce coarser wool than if only in moderate flesh. Excessive feeding will increase the weight of the carcass, but not the fineness of the wool.

☞ Boston has one doctor who pretends to practice "Naturepathy," and one doctress who practices "Baunschedismus."

☞ The population of Dakota has increased sixty-two per cent. the past year. Over one thousand farms have been taken up by emigrants under the pre-emption laws.

☞ The following novel intimation appears at the end of a recent invitation to a wedding—"No cards! No cake! No wine! No kissing the bride!"

☞ A Wisconsin coroner has decided in case of a man run over while attempting to get on a railway train, that he came to his death by "wilful and wanton exposure to unnecessary danger and peril."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'RY 30, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the paper of December 12th—which contains the opening of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS," and "THE ABBOT'S POOL."

THE WINE-DRINKING COUNTRIES.

Our readers know how difficult it is to arrive at the truth relative to the amount of intemperance in the wine-drinking and beer-drinking countries, by the large amount of contradictory testimony we have published on the subject.

Not long since, we published Dr. Holland's testimony, and some may have thought that it was sufficient to settle the question; but now we have the still later evidence of the Reverend Dr. Bellows, who is just as good authority as "Timothy Titcomb," and he gives his experience as follows:—

"Had a member of the Total Abstinence Society entered that assembly (*i. e.* an anniversary fete at Dusseldorf), a casual survey of the garden would have failed to show one single person excited to indiscretion or the loss of self-control—one single noisy or tipsy man. And here for four or five hours are whole families in the open air, engaged in domestic and social chat, enjoying music and the sympathy of their fellow creatures, instead of being scattered and divided as with us—the old here, the young there; the men in one place, the women in another. As I looked upon the cheerfulness and moderation, the cordial intercourse, the absence of carking cares or of haste and self-condemnation in this German tea-garden, I felt that Germany understood social life far better than any portion of America. As to the attempt to abolish drunkenness in America by a general assault upon the use of all things that can intoxicate, it is well meant and has its excellent effects. But it is greatly to be feared that it is not enough in accordance with natural laws to be a permanent influence. We must improve family life, and specially must we cultivate the participation of men and women—old and young—in common pleasures, before we can hope to exorcise the demon of excess and sensuality from American society.

"It is much to be regretted that the friends of temperance have of late been trying to unsettle the opinion that drunkenness is rare in the vine-growing countries. *It is so patent in France and Germany, that intemperance in the form of drunkenness, is a most exceptional vice, that only wilful blindness or partisanship could deny it. I do not recollect to have seen a tipsy man since I left Paris, and only one in Paris, and I have diligently sought the places, where in our country they would be found.* The truth is, wine is one of the most common and one of the most beautiful gifts of Providence; an article joined with corn in the praises of the saints. The countries which possess it understand its use, *and are just as little subject to excess in using wine as in using corn.* Excess is found everywhere, and all Heaven's gifts are liable to abuse; but to expect France and Germany to give up wine and beer is absurd, nor would anything but harm come from the attempt to enforce their disuse by legislation. Special efforts must be made in northern climates to resist the tendency to strong drinks, which is aggravated by cold, and by the necessity of harder work to live, not to add gloominess of weather, short days and much darkness."

Apart from the particular interest of this question in relation to the subject of Temperance, it has a wider interest in relation to the general fallibility and unreliability of all human testimony. If there is one lesson more than another that men can hardly help learning as they advance in life, it is, we should think, just this one. Men are perfectly honest in the matter, but they are so subject to good and bad prejudices, to preconceived opinions, and to hasty judgments, that the evidence of about nineteen men in twenty is worth almost nothing.

A man of average good sense may allege that a certain thing happened within his experience—he may be willing to swear to it, and even to die for the truth of what he has said—and yet a wise man is by no means certain of anything else, than that the witness thoroughly believes what he is asserting.

In the case before us, Dr. Holland no doubt would be willing to affirm in open court, what Dr. Bellows, with equal opportunities of knowledge, would be ready as solemnly to deny. And "who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

And yet if human evidence is so conflicting in a case of this character, what reliance can we place upon it in other classes of cases, where strong national, political, or religious feelings intervene to obscure the clear perception of facts, and unsettle the just balance of the judgment?

It will thus be seen that Truth, instead of being an easy thing to ascertain, is a very difficult matter to arrive at. "Truth lies in a well," says the old proverb. Probably no man—not even the wisest—ever succeeds in attaining the full and complete truth upon any one question. And this fact should teach us humility and charity in our thoughts, and habitual moderation in our actions.

☞ The wife makes the home, and the home makes the man.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GOLD HUNTERS IN EUROPE; OR, THE DEAD ALIVE. By WILLIAM H. THOMAS, author of the "Bushrangers," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE GALAXY. For February, 1869. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

ONWARD; Mayne Reid's Magazine. For February, 1869. Published by Carleton, New York.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. For December, 1868. American Edition. Published by The Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA, AND UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY. Edited by L. COLANGE. No. 4. Published by T. Elwood Zell, Philada.

OLIVER TWIST, GREAT EXPECTATIONS, BLEAK HOUSE, PICTURES FROM ITALY. In one volume. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

SERMONS ON THE FAILURE OF PROTESTANTISM AND ON CATHOLICITY. By the Rev. FERDINAND C. EWER, S. T. D., Rector of Christ Church, New York. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE VISION; OR, HELL, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by the Rev. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, A. M. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE BETROTHED, and THE HIGHLAND WIDOW. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The February number contains the usual excellent array of articles. Published by Field, Osgood & Co., Boston.

The American Conservatory of Music.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The readers of THE POST are doubtless acquainted with the American Conservatory of Music in our city. Let me hope by a few remarks to interest them still further in this admirable institution. In the autumn of 1867, when it was proposed to start here a Conservatory of Music on the plan of those of European countries, the scheme was pronounced thoroughly hazardous. Even our music loving community was hardly considered prepared to appreciate and support such an institution. "It may succeed while the novelty lasts, but it will eventually fall through," was the universal cry.

Doubtless these surmises would have proved true had the work been undertaken with less zeal and fervor than that with which the musical director of the institution, Mr. Carl Gaertner, always prosecutes his undertakings for the advancement of art. He put his whole energy to the task, and his labors and those of others associated with him have been rewarded with unprecedented success. The well-drilled classes of various degrees of advancement under different masters, and the stirring and frequent examinations made by the director himself, now excite universal admiration and approval.

None who are wanting in experience in the matter can perhaps appreciate the advantages to be derived from the study of both vocal and instrumental music in classes. Let me assure the reader from personal experience, that the pupil gains by studying with others a confidence, sureness, as well as a keenness of critical perception, which long years of private study and instruction might fail to impart. In classes the pupils can learn from one another as well as from the teacher, and can have the advantage of playing together as well as alone before the others. Besides, the terms are so moderate that those who perhaps could enjoy private instruction for but a short time, are enabled to prosecute their studies much further than they might otherwise do.

The public will not soon forget the generosity of the Conservatory in offering sixty free scholarships to the boys of our public schools. These boys are to receive three years of musical education gratis—and in entering upon their studies bind themselves to play nowhere in public during their years of tuition without the approbation of the Musical Director, and also ever after while they are citizens of Philadelphia, to play in the orchestra at the Grand Concerts of the Conservatory. Thus we have in embryo an orchestra which, in time, will be a credit to the institution and our city.

Many entertainments have already been given by the masters and pupils of the Conservatory under the direction of Mr. Gaertner, in view of making the pupil—who is admitted to all of them free of charge—acquainted with the works of the great masters, and also to allow those who are sufficiently advanced, the advantage of assisting in the performances. Every one who knows a little about the matter, must feel great interest in the increasing improvement of many of the students, while lovers of music must enjoy the fine programmes presented them.

We are looking forward now to a great treat in Carl Gaertner's first classical soirée of chamber music for this season, to be held at the Musical Fund Hall, on Friday evening, January 29, at eight o'clock. The Grand Quintette in B flat of Mendelssohn, and the celebrated Storm Quintette in C by Beethoven, are to be performed by the Philadelphia Classical Quintette Club; a Mozart and a Schubert song are to be sung by lady pupils of Mr. Gaertner; and Mr. Himmelsbach, one of the professors, will play Schuman "Fantasie Stucke" for the piano. I would most heartily recommend all who desire a truly enjoyable musical evening, to attend; for I always feel eager to prove that a Philadelphia public is capable of appreciating such entertainments.

AUBER FORESTIER.

☞ There seems to be plenty of clean and good land in Maine, covered with heavy timber—and there is the advantage that while one is clearing his farm he can live on bears.

☞ On the election of a deacon of the Congregational church in Cornwall, Conn., a question has arisen as to his eligibility, on the ground that a deacon should be the "husband of one wife." The candidate, it would appear, is a bachelor.

☞ The coats of the Irish reapers have been described as "a parcel of holes sewn together."

Over Sea.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BRUSSELS, January 7th, 1869.

There are many wonderful old buildings in Brussels, but the two which prove most interesting to strangers, are the church of Saint Gudule and the Hotel de Ville. The latter was built early in the 15th century—it is lofty, wide, and pinnacled, with a spire that can be seen from almost every part of the city.

But few rooms are shown to strangers, yet these few are replete with interest. The oldest of them is the Gothic Chamber—long, low, and dim, and used for balls or public assemblies of every kind; next to it is the *Salle des Marriages*, where the legal ceremony of marriage has to be performed in the presence of the Mayor.

In one of the halls are two pieces of Belgian tapestry of the sort in vogue before the Gobelin began to be manufactured; the latter is much superior in fineness and coloring. One long room is hung with these tapestries representing the conversion of Clovis, his betrothal, marriage, and death—all nearly as distinctly rendered as though painted on canvas with a brush.

But the *chef d'œuvre* of the Hotel de Ville is a painted ceiling—the most remarkable in Europe. It was executed by the artist Jansens, a pupil of Rubens, and represents Jupiter and all his court. Brussels—a beautiful woman crowned with towers—is kneeling at the feet of the god, who presents her with a garland. The whole immense group forms a most exquisite painting, of which the faces and figures are boldly and skillfully executed, with some warm, delicious bits of coloring. But the almost supernatural power of the work consists in its wonderful effects of perspective.

Rumor—a full-length female figure blowing a trumpet—occupies the central space; as you stand underneath her the trumpet seems quite short and *on a level with her arms*; but as you pass to the far end of the room, the trumpet lengthens and turns with you, the head and shoulders of the figure describe the circle of the room as you do, the eyes pursuing you meanwhile, and the *arm remaining perfectly stationary*.

As you stand in the centre of the apartment and look up, Jupiter and Juno are sitting side by side, both in a half reclining position—receding from them, Jupiter seems slowly to erect himself, while Juno as slowly resumes an utterly recumbent position.

Opposite them is a goddess, whose name I do not know or cannot remember; from one view she is lying down with her limbs *outside*, towards the wall; as you make the circuit of the room, she rises gradually on one hand, and seats herself *with her feet inside*.

A hundred curious effects may be noticed if one had but time and space to speak of them—but I trust that you will be able to form some idea of this wonderful study from the little which I have so ineffectually described.

The great sensation of the past week has been the appearance of Patti in three roles. I was so fortunate as to hear her in Faust. I saw her years ago in Don Pasquale at the Philadelphia Academy, when she was very young, brilliant and bewitching, and was hardly prepared for this slender, exquisite, large-eyed woman, with a most touching expression of sadness and weariness about her mouth. The whole opera was magnificently rendered, but the first greeting of Marguerite to Faust—

"Non, Monsieur, je ne suis pas belle ni demoiselle,
Et Je n'ai pas besoin de votre bras pour faire le chemin"—

that tender, wierd little strain which Marguerite recalls afterwards in her madness in the prison scene, haunts me yet with its delicious, remorseful sweetness. Patti is very young and naif in her ways—Faust and Mephistopheles refused to share the honors with her—first she beckoned in her pretty, petulant, imperious way, and then actually drew them forward amid the applause of the audience.

Patti's husband, the Marquis de Caux, occupied a prominent position in the balcony, and eyed her every instant through his opera glass, seemingly oblivious to everything but the presence of his wife. He is a tall, fair, rollicking looking man of about thirty-five. Has a good forehead and nose, large, kind blue eyes, light moustache and English whiskers, a retreating chin, and altogether the air of a man of the world and a bon vivant. He rushed out the instant the curtain fell between the acts, evidently to see his wife, and if appearances go for anything is very much in love with her. It is nevertheless rumored that he is spending all her money as fast as she makes it; but this world is very much given to slander, and the story may not be true.

Patti does not like Brussels; more musical than Paris, it is less enthusiastic, and the audience in Faust was extremely cold and coy, only awarding praise where it could not be withheld. The real scene of Patti's triumphs is Paris and St. Petersburgh. The Czar has just sent his chamberlain to the frontier of Russia to meet her with presents of very rich and costly furs. After two years spent in fulfilling engagements at the various capitals of Europe, she will retire from the stage and be received at court as the Marquise de Caux. HATTIE.

☞ Sheep are said to be so plentiful in Australia, as to be sold by travelling butchers at a cent a pound, and in two colonies alone no less than 60,000 are boiled down each week.

☞ A daughter of Donizetti, the celebrated composer of so many popular Italian operas, keeps a second-rate coffee-house in the little town of Novara; and a son of Bellini, the composer of "Norma" and "La Somnambula," is a school-teacher at Milan.

☞ In a garden in Lynn, Mass., is a pear tree which was grafted four years ago, and by which mistake an apple scion was put into it. It bore several ripe apples of a new variety unknown to fruit growers.

☞ The corn crop in the North-West last season was large and of excellent quality. In many sections of Northern Illinois the yield averaged fifty bushels per acre. The abundance of this cereal favors the pork trade, and the daily receipts of hogs are very heavy.

☞ A few days since a German called at the post office in Newburyport for a letter, but did not have English enough to make himself understood; whereupon a friend that was with him said: "He has not learned many words yet; he only knows how to swear."

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

"The Mystery of the Reefs."
BY MRS. HOSMER.

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

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BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

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BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for next year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer the following inducement. We shall print a large extra edition of the numbers containing the beginning of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS," and "THE ABBOT'S POOL," and shall continue to date all *new* subscribers back to the paper of December 12th, until the large extra edition is exhausted. This arrangement will give new subscribers for 1869, who do not delay their subscriptions too long, *three papers in addition to the regular number for the year, or nearly thirteen months in all.*

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the continual improvement of our paper—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. We have already Enlarged and Beautified our paper—and of this they have had the advantage. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, do we design making THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

☞ A young man sent his father in the country his photograph, accompanied with a request for aid, as he was poor and required money for the necessaries of life. The old man looked over the photograph, and then responded, "You can't cheat me, you young dog. You can't be very poor to be living among marble vases and statues and flowers and nice furniture, such as your picktur shows?"

☞ The milliners are wondering just now what will be the fashions for spring. If little hats continue in vogue, their profits will be beautifully small. The sisterhood, for two years past, have had so hard a time of it, that a great many have taken to dressmaking, or to the sale of fancy merchandize. Any lady of ordinary ingenuity, from the "pieces" left after making a silk or a tulle dress, has been able to make with her own hands a bonnet, that, with the aid of a few shillings' worth of trimmings, has enabled her to make as good an appearance as to her caput as the lady disbursing $25 for a corresponding article.

☞ The largest pen factory in the world, on the French coast, uses sixty tons of steel a month in this manufacture, and there are a dozen other houses whose product is not much smaller.

☞ A gentleman, on taking a volume to be bound, was asked if he would have it bound in Russia. "Oh, no," he replied, "Russia is too far off. I will have it done here."

☞ A young lady in Boston recently gave her father, an old and respected merchant, a letter to post containing her acceptance of an offer of marriage. The forgetful old gentleman carried the letter in his pocket a week, much to the perplexity of the young lady, who did not receive an answer, and greatly to the anguish of the impatient and despairing lover.

☞ INDUSTRY.—Every young man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look on him with scorn—it is praise; his contempt is honor.

Penalty of Too Much Brain-Work.

Dr. Parker, of New York, delivered a lecture a short time ago, in that city, in which he showed the evils proceeding from the transgression of the limits of their physical powers by literary men. He said:

"No man can do head-work faithfully for more than four or five or six hours. If that time is exceeded, all the phosphorus is carried off, and the man becomes irritable, broken down, and has softening of the brain. I have seen this overwork in lawyers, doctors, clergymen and merchants, who have worked the brain for ten hours. They have dropped under the burden. You cannot violate the law of God with impunity. Sir Walter Scott did a large amount of brain-work in his day, but he did not overwork himself. In his latter days, however, he became pecuniarily embarrassed, and resorted to his literary pursuits to save himself; but he worked too hard and completely broke himself down. One of the best scholars I ever knew broke himself down in his younger days, but he lived on to seventy, though he could only work some four hours a day. After these hours he engaged in vigorous exercises to keep him out of the house as much as possible, and he continued one of the best professors in the country."

ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—On January 27th an eclipse of the moon will take place. The time of beginning at Philadelphia will be 7 hours 28 minutes in the evening, of the middle 8 hours 38 minutes, and of the end 9 hours and 48 minutes. The moon will only be eclipsed 5½ digits on the upper limb, that is, nearly one-half of the disk will be obscured.

☞ Mrs. Twitchell was acquitted of participation in the murder of Mrs. Hill on the 22d, the District Attorney having abandoned the prosecution, for lack of evidence against her.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 7000 bbls sold at $5@5.50 for superfine, $6@6.50 for extra, $7@8 for Northwest extra family, $8@9.50 for Penna extra family, $9@10.50 for Ohio and Indiana extra family, and @11@12 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. 250 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $7.50@8 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat. 20,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $1.80@1.90 for good to prime; 12,000 bus of amber at $2@2.05, and small lots of white at $2.10@2.20 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—About 2500 bus of Western and Penna sold at $1.00@1.02. Corn—28,000 bus of new yellow sold at 85@92, and 10,000 do kiln dried Western at 90@96c. Oats—40,000 bus sold at 71@75c for Western, and 60@66c ₱ bus for Penna and Southern, according to quality.

COTTON—Market active. About 1400 bales of Middlings sold at 29@30c for Uplands, and 30@31c for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $2@5 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales 10,000 lbs of Apples at 8@11c, and 20,000 lbs of Peaches at 17@17½c for halves, 12@13c for quarters, and 10@28c ₱ lb for pared.

☞ The moustache and goatee were first worn in Spain to distinguish Christians from Moors, this being as nearly the form of the cross as the beard can be cut.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 9½@10½ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 5@7c ₱ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $15.50 to 16.00 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ GALES.—An officer of the British Navy states that from eleven years' observation, six years in the Arctic regions, and five years in the north of Scotland, he has ascertained that tremendous gales follow from twelve to twenty-four hours after the appearance of the aurora borealis.

Caution.

Beware of inferior imitations of the COCOAINE, lacking its beneficial and elegant properties, but sold under names and wrappers similar, as to deceive the unwary buyer.

☞ The ladies are in earnest about getting their rights; many of them have got their "backs up."

READ THE FOLLOWING:—HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are an irresistible antidote to all complaints engendered by the excessive use of mercury, opium and other paralysing medicines, instilling new life and vigor into the blood.

☞ The wife of one Stephen Dunn, of Stillwater, N. Y., recently, presented him with seven "little uns"—four boys and three girls—all doing well, mother included. (A doubtful story.)

No Hospitals, in Europe or America,
Have as many patients as Dr. Wolcott, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y., where all can test, *free of cost*, WOLCOTT'S ANNIHILATOR, for Catarrh, or WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT for the immediate removal of all pain, and certain cure of diseases. Buy none unless in white wrappers. jan30-3t

☞ A New Yorker has made a locomotive car, which is to be propelled by compressed air. The car station is to have an ordinary sixty-horse engine to compress the air into proper reservoirs, two of which are to be attached to the car for each journey. The air, delivering up the power which the steam-engine gave it, works another smaller engine, and impels the carriage. The reservoirs carry enough air for a ten-mile run.

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep25-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.12. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

☞ A clergyman in Bristol county, who is evidently not posted in maritime matters, some time since preached to his congregation on the subject of hope being like an anchor to the soul, &c., and gave the following explanation:—"My friends, I suppose you all know what an anchor is. It is a kind of a thing to get a ship under a good headway with."

☞ The man who thought he was buying a horse was sold.

The Bowen Microscope,
Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass. je21-tf

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The English Ritualists.

Whatever else may be said about the English Ritualists, it is only fair to say that a writer in the Atlantic Monthly represents them to be very benevolent. He says:—

"Their work among the poor has been immense. They have built stately churches, with most magnificent and costly interiors, for their especial use, in all parts of the country. They have established and kept up by their own exertions no less than fifty-seven homes for sick and aged persons; nine general and convalescent hospitals; two hospitals for incurables; ten missions to fallen women; twenty-seven penitentiaries for fallen women who wish to train themselves for better things; twenty-four brotherhoods and guilds; forty-one sisterhoods; and nineteen associations for general religious purposes. The homes, the hospitals, and the penitentiaries, are all managed by sisters detailed from their respective convents for that purpose."

Exuberant Health

Is a blessing vouchsafed to few. Even those who have been favored by nature with strong constitutions and vigorous frames are apt to neglect the precautions necessary to preserve these precious endowments. Indeed, as a rule, the more healthy and robust a man is, the more liberties he is inclined to take with his own physique. It is some consolation to the naturally weak and feeble to know that they can be so invigorated and built up, by a proper use of the means which science has placed at their disposal, as to have a much better chance of long life and exemptions from disease and pain, than the most athletic of their fellows who are foolish enough to suppose themselves invulnerable, and act accordingly.

It is not too much to say that more than half the people of the civilized world *need an occasional tonic*, to enable them to support the strain upon their bodies and minds, which the fast life of this restless age occasions. In fact, a *pure, wholesome, unexciting tonic* is the grand desideratum of the busy millions, and they have the article in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. It is a STAMINAL MEDICINE, *i. e.* it imparts permanent strength to weak systems and invigorates delicate constitutions. Its reputation and its sales have steadily increased. Competitive preparations have been introduced, *ad libitum*, and, as far as the public is concerned, *ad nauseam*, in the hope of rivaling it; but they have all either perished in the attempt, or been left far in the rear. It has been the *great medical success of the present century*, and it is quite certain that no proprietary medicine in this country is as widely known, or as generally used.

Ten lightning presses, running incessantly (Sunday excepted,) the whole year through, barely supply the demand for the Illustrated Almanac, in which the nature and uses of the preparation are set forth, the circulation now being over five millions a year. jan9-lt

☞ The New York World reports that one of the best physicians in that city said the other day that he would advise no one to go to church this season, and that, already, he had been compelled to tell many of his patients to stay away altogether. It is a notorious fact that many churches are admirably adapted to catching cold in, and however "red-hot" or liberal the promulgated doctrine may be, it will hardly compensate for the chilliness or want of ventilation of the building.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—any from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when specks of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists. mar16-cow-tf

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.
Family and *Toilet Soaps*. The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated*.
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb22-1y

☞ An English court has separated a boy of fifteen from his wife, and sent him into the country to learn a trade before he can be allowed to live with her. He had married his nurse.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. M. H. Sisty, ELKINTON WILLS to LIZZIE HELMS, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. WILLIAM KONKLE to Miss ALMIRA NEWCOMBE, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. SAMUEL GOUBLEY to Miss AGNES HAGERTY, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM D. DUNSFORD to Miss ELIZA B. CLARK, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. BENJAMIN HENDERSON to Miss AMANDA M. HOLBY, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Calheart, J. TYSO DOLL, Esq., to Miss MARY E. BLACKWOOD, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE, widow of the late Jacob Wagner.

On the 19th instant, GEORGE W. WHIDDEN, in his 28th year.

On the 18th instant, HECTOR C. IVINS, in his 61st year.

On the 18th instant, FRANK W. STANLEY, in his 22d year.

On the 18th instant, at Cape Island, MARY, wife of Jonathan Peterson, aged 50 years.

On the 17th instant, Miss MAGGIE MOORE, in her 20th year.

On the 16th instant, JOHN F. MANKWARD, in his 61st year.

On the 16th instant, SARAH P. EDSON, in her 58th year.

On the 16th instant, HANNAH R., wife of Michael Matsinger, aged 54 years.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen months to be fed;
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea,
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said—and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"'Twas this: that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said,
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

No. 3.

"YE THAT RIDE ON WHITE ASSES."

To an Oriental the above is a term of *double* significance, to a Western reader, of none at all. In the song of Deborah, as recorded in Judges x. 10. the passage occurs, "speak ye, that ride on white asses," while the context plainly shows that it was to those "that sit in judgment," "the governors of Israel," that the prophetess referred. But why designate them as those that ride on *white asses?* Again on David's flight from Jerusalem, during Absalom's rebellion, when Ziba, the servant of Mephibosheth came to the exiled king, bringing presents, he said to the monarch, "the asses be for the king's household to ride on." Not for the use of servants or even soldiers, nor yet for baggage; but for the king's household, the members of the royal family, the wives and children of the regal exile to ride on—not only strong, safe, and fleet, but suited to the royal rank of the fugitives. Another instance is found in the vision of Isaiah, Is. xxi. 7, when the watchman saw "a chariot of asses." Chariots being in ancient times used only by persons of high rank or position. The last passage to be adduced in this connection is the prophecy of Zechariah ix. 9, the fulfillment of which is found in Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, as recorded in Matt. xxi. 4—11. "Tell ye the daughters of Sion, Behold thy *King* cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass," &c. That *honor* was intended to the Messiah, is evident from the fact that the multitude "spread their garments in the way, and others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way"—an act in conformity with a very ancient and still-existing custom on state occasions, of paying deference to royal or illustrious personages, by covering the ground over which they are to pass. The richest tapestries and cloths of gold are generally used for this purpose; but when the occasion is extemporaneous, and time does not suffice to obtain other articles, the robes and mantles of those in attendance are brought into requisition. For the antiquity of this custom, see Clytemnestra's address to Agamemnon on his return from Troy.

These several passages suffice to show that riding upon asses is not in the East looked upon as we are accustomed to regard it, as an indignity; but on the contrary, as honorable and pleasant, and altogether appropriate for persons of the highest rank. One reason for this is doubtless found in the fact, that the Oriental ass is quite a different animal from the species known in more northern and colder latitudes, and in every respect vastly superior. It is larger, more stately, lively and active, of higher intelligence, more docile, and yet more spirited. Niebuhr speaks of those of Cairo, as "*very handsome*," and adds that "they are used for riding by the greater of the Mohammedans, and by the most distinguished women of the country." They are taller than the European breed, their legs are more slender, the head is carried higher, the ears more elevated, and there is far more vivacity in their motions generally. The hair is softer and more silky than that of the horse, and the mane often three or four inches long. They have nothing of the dullness and stupidity of the common donkey breed, but evince warm attachment to their riders, and by them are readily controlled.

The Oriental breed is said to have been greatly improved by crossing with the wild ass of the desert; and in Persia especially this mixed breed is in great esteem.

Another reason for the almost universal use of the ass in Palestine, and among the Jewish people generally, may be found in the prohibition of God himself. (Deut. xvii. 16.) When speaking of the king to be set over his people, God said, "He shall not multiply horses to himself," &c., and afterwards when Solomon and succeeding kings "multiplied horses," they were severely rebuked as disobeying a divine injunction. And thus it came to pass, that throughout the nation, people of the highest rank rode on asses. Deborah, in her song, thus describes the nobles of the land:—"Jair of Gilead had thirty sons who rode on as many asses, and commanded thirty cities," and Abdon, one of the Judges of Israel, "had forty sons and thirty grandsons, who rode on seventy asses." Thus much of the *animal*, referred to in Deborah's song, but the *main* force of the description lies in the *color* designated, "ye that ride on *white* asses."

All over the East, in every species of animal, the *white* ones are regarded with peculiar favor, and this preference extends even to the human race. The fair-haired, blue-eyed children of the European residents, are looked at as miracles of beauty by the unaccustomed natives, who seem never to weary of admiring the smooth, fair skin of "the white little angels" as they usually designate these rare exotics.

White monkeys are also in great repute; and whenever a commoner, by any means, obtains one, he never thinks of retaining it in his own possession, nor dares to sell it, as he might easily do, to the foreigners; but forwards it at once to the king, as one of the inalienable rights of royalty. So also of white deer, asses, buffalo and elephants, all of which are regarded as too sacred to be used by any but the most exalted personages. In the year 1839, a white monkey was sent as "a rare and valuable present by his most sacred majesty the King of Siam, to his well-beloved cousin, Queen Victoria," and was by her transferred to the Zoological gardens of London, where I afterwards saw it repeatedly. It was pure white except the whiskers, which were jet black, very long and of a silky texture. Two others, retained by his Siamese majesty as ornaments of his own magnificent palace, were perfect *Albinos* in every respect. They were thickly covered with snow-white fur or down instead of hair, the lips, eye-lids and feet were of livid paleness, and the iris pinkish or rose-colored, while they manifested the same aversion to light and the general languor that so peculiarly characterize the human Albino.

The Brahmin cow, always an object of veneration, is when *white* considered absolutely sacred, and as such, is either placed within the enclosure that surrounds a temple, or is set apart for the use of priests or persons of exalted rank.

But this admiration for white animals finds its highest pinnacle of perfection, its very *summum bonum*, in the white *elephant*, that most prized and venerated of all oriental animals. The white elephant is the most coveted possession of an Eastern monarch; and a subject can perform no greater service to his king than to procure for him one of these lordly animals, while the individual so fortunate would have wealth and honor lavished upon him without measure. In Burmah and Siam, the discovery of a white elephant is regarded as an event of sufficient importance to constitute an era in the annals of the nation; and the fortunate discoverer is rewarded with a crown of silver, and as many broad acres of land as will equal the extent at which the elephant's cry can be heard, while his children to the third generation are exempted alike from servitude and taxation.

Among most Eastern nations, especially the Burmese and Siamese, this species of elephant is so highly prized, that for a monarch to be styled "undisputed lord of the white elephant," marks him as so powerful, affluent and prosperous, as to render him an object of envy to all beholders; and one of the most destructive wars that ever devastated Southern Asia, was the result of a quarrel between the Kings of Burmah and Siam, concerning the possession of a white elephant. That war lasted through a period of seventy years, cost the lives of thirteen kings and princes, together with the very flower of the Siamese, Burmese and Pegnan nobility, and the laying waste of some of the fairest portions of Burmah and Siam. To this day there are thousands of Burmese slaves in Siam, whose ancestors were brought there as captives taken in this very war.

For more than thirty years the crowning glory of Siam, and the boast of its haughty monarch, were the possession of *four* white elephants—an event almost unprecedented in the annals of an oriental nation.

These animals are not, strictly speaking, *white*, though so called to designate their superiority over the ordinary breed. In most instances they are of a clear, well-defined cream color, with soft, glossy hair, shorter and more scanty than on the common elephant. That they are not *Albinos*, however, as some writers have supposed, is evident from the fact that the organs of vision are perfectly sound, and they manifest no uneasiness when exposed to the brightest light. Their eyes in all respects resemble those of the ordinary breed except that the iris is white. Each of these fortunate animals was provided by his royal master, with a spacious dwelling, regal both in dimensions and decoration. Here he stood upon a raised platform, spread with white cloth, before which embroidered silk curtains were drawn, to conceal the royal favorite from the gaze of the vulgar, and to secure for "his Excellency" the degree of privacy so aristocratic a being is supposed to relish or require. Many keepers were provided for him, who lavished on him every possible mark of respect and affection, bathing him frequently, taking him over the grounds for exercise, and supplying him plentifully with rice, peeled sugar cane, cakes and fruit in endless variety. A regular band of music attended each of these august animals whenever he went forth for exercise or bathing, and when he returned a royal attendant washed his feet in a basin of pure gold, such as are allowed to be used only by members of the royal family. It is recorded of one of the kings of Burmah that he provided for a white elephant a regular cabinet of ministers, with subordinate officers and attendants to wait on him, amounting to one thousand persons. His residence was contiguous to the royal palace, with which it was connected by a long, open gallery; and the entrance to the elephant's suit of apartments was concealed by a curtain of black velvet, embossed with gold. His feet were secured by massive chains of silver; whilst his eating and drinking vessels, his betel-box, and even his spittoon were of purest gold, set with costly gems. His bed, composed of two soft mattresses, was covered over with crimson silk, embroidered in with gold, with a canopy of the same costly materials.

Foreign residents and ambassadors are usually invited by an oriental king to visit his white elephants; and in doing so, are always expected to bestow handsome presents on the royal favorites. If one is sick, the king's own physicians attend him; and should he die, he is buried with more than royal honors.

During the last reign, or about the year 1838, an event occurred in Siam, which produced general mourning and lamentation throughout the kingdom. This event was the sudden and alarming illness of "His Sacred Majesty's" favorite white elephant; and every expedient that Siamese ingenuity could suggest, was resorted to, in order to avert the dire calamity of her death.

Princes, nobles, and men of renown, were summoned from the remotest bounds of the kingdom, to present offerings in the royal city of Bangkok, "to propitiate the great arbiter of life and death, that the high and mighty one, then dangerously ill, might be prevented from departing this life." This failing of the desired result, wise men and sooth-sayers were next called in, the stars consulted, and omens and oracles questioned in every imaginable way; and when all else had proved abortive, resort was had to the Priesthood. These numbered a mighty host, and, as the voice of one man, their incantations arose to the sacred ears of the great Budh, calling on him day and night for the restoration of the august invalid. But their petitions were unheeded, their holy incantations proved a failure; and the afflicted favorite, instead of convalescing, was rapidly declining in health.

At this, the agonized monarch was driven almost to despair, and in a state bordering on frenzy, rushed into the elephant's presence, and prostrating his royal person in the very dust, before the sick favorite, exclaimed in humble, supplicating tone, "Oh, my mother! my mother! if you die, the glory of your son's kingdom will depart; and he can no longer exist without your beloved presence." But the elephant refused to be propitiated, and turned a deaf ear to all the importunities of her royal son! She died, and was buried in great state, processions royal and magnificent, theatricals, songs and dances marked her obsequies—but the glory of "the royal and great kingdom of Siam" continued as before.

Such scenes as these would indeed appear childish and absurd, were they indulged in merely from caprice; but they have a far different origin. All Budhists believe in the transmigration of souls, and that the spirit which now animates a *human* body, has previously passed through many thousand states of being, existing sometimes as a petty insect or loathsome reptile, and rising successively higher and higher, according to the amount of merit accumulated during each existence. They believe, because their sacred books tell them so, that the bodies of *white* elephants are tenanted by the spirits of deceased kings, and that these bodies are their favorite, though merely temporary dwelling-places, in their transmigrations from one state of existence to another. One of the most entertaining of all their sacred *Bali* volumes, is *Pra-sha-tou*, or "The Elephant King"—detailing the adventures of Gandama, the present Budh, whilst he existed on our earth, in the form of a white elephant.

Thus, when honored with the presence of a white elephant, they honestly believe that they are entertaining as a guest, some renowned personage who once tenanted a body like their own.

Hence their poets and novelists expatiate so largely on the noble qualities and famous deeds of this kingly animal, and hence, doubtless, arose the absurd custom of assigning to them titles, otherwise monopolized by royalty itself.

The emblem of the national flag of Siam, is a white elephant emblazoned on a crimson ground; and when borne floating on the breeze, in company with the flags of other nations, including the British Lion and our own "Star-Spangled Banner," the effect is beautiful and striking. Let us hope that peace and mutual harmony will unite these nations, till the civilization and refinement of Christian Europe and America shall overspread that now idolatrous land; and the glorious gospel of peace bind all in the sacred bonds of religion and eternal life.

F. R. F.

THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER XVI.

UNFOLDINGS.

Sister Annunciata seemed to me to possess two separate and distinct natures. The predominant one was that of a prayerful, passive, imperturbable nun—the other was exceptional, and only seen in such sudden and hasty gleams, that sometimes I doubted if it ever existed at all, and were not an illusion of my own fancy.

She was with me constantly, and fulfilled to the letter Father Bertram's directions concerning me; but sometimes as we sat side by side, with the missal we were reading between us, she would pause, glance cautiously around, and in a changed voice, that neither belonged to her motionless face nor sombre habit, entreat me to speak of Fogarty and its belongings; but to any questions of mine she was dumb. Once as she listened to me, telling of the beautiful garden that stretched away over the sunny slope until it met the park behind the castle, her eyes ran over, and the large tears fell upon the dead, rayless black of her long robe.

"You lived there once, dear sister, did you not?" I asked.

"Not I," she answered, in a hollow tone, "but something that I once was, something so different that I wear no likeness of it in my form or nature, save that we were both human."

"Did you"—the question trembled on my lips, as I formed it into words—"did you ever see the Rose of the Reefs, as they called her—Sir Brian's beautiful sister?"

Her eyes looked far away, over the laurels clustering round the low stone wall that was the seaward border of the garden, out on the sea lying in silent beauty, a mirror for the morning sun.

"Golden-haired Miss Nell," she murmured, "the pride of old Fogarty! Sir Brian's hair is white, you say; yes I remember, but it was dark enough then, when he used to wind her long curls round his hand and call them sunbeams."

"Oh, sister," I cried, passionately, "why am I bound hand and foot in this lonely place? Why cannot I go to him? He will die in wretchedness and despair, if he does not know what has become of me."

"By-and-by," she said, softly, "the good father will cease to watch so closely. You will be calm and strong enough to act—and I shall see a safe path for you to go in. There is hope in all this; people do not die while they can hope; they do not die at all until God calls them; rest on this, and do not speak again till you receive a sign from me."

The good father came along the garden path toward us, and the tears, if there had ever been any—I almost doubted my sight—had gone and left no trace upon the cold, white cheek of the handsome nun. She bowed her head to receive his blessing, and her voice in speaking was as the voice of another—low, measured, and without a shade of change.

Days and weeks passed away, and neither word nor look of Sister Annunciata gave me the sign she promised. The convent parlor was almost filled with pupils now, and four hours in the day she taught them. Then I was left in solitude, and it wore heavily on me; sometimes the wild idea of flinging myself over the convent wall, and plunging madly into the sea, as the only end to the dreary suspense I endured, would seize me, and I would battle with it like one who fears to lose his swerving reason. At night I tossed in dreadful dreams; sometimes a spirit held me in the air, above the dear old castle, and I saw and heard all that was enacting there, without the power to make my presence known by word or sign. Sometimes Sir Brian had discovered my retreat, and followed me. I heard his footsteps in the long stone hall, and listened to loud, clear tones, demanding "his darling child." Then I woke in wretchedness and tears, and prayed Heaven, in my miserable folly, to let me sleep, and wake no more. The Sister Annunciata saw the struggle that was wearing out my life. I knew it by the hasty glance she cast upon me from time to time, that, momentary as it was, brought back to me her other-self, when she vowed that whom I loved she loved, and whom I hated she hated.

At last she told me she had need of me in the parlor.

"There is much to do with so many children, all in different stages of study; the good father says I may have your aid;" in a lower and altered tone, she added: "You do not think of what you should; you are despairing, and losing the strength I count on when the time comes."

It was the first word she had spoken to me for a very long time, that brought to mind the hope I had in her, and I felt that she had pretended to need me for the sake of what she knew her presence could do for me. Thus the curse of idleness was taken from me, and with exertion came something like hope, and at least endurance.

Some time had gone by, I cannot recall how long, since I worked in the parlor with Sister Annunciata, when the abbess was taken very ill. At first it was thought to be weakness, for she was very old, and could hardly walk, leaning on a sister's shoulder, from the chapel to the parlor, at the hour for prayer: but by-and-by, she grew worse and worse, and Father Bertram sent to Santander, and a physician came to see her. We took turns in our attendance on her, but Sister Annunciata was her favorite nurse. It was impossible, owing to her duties as a teacher, that she should be at her side always; but giving me instructions what to do, she often left me in her place, and would come in from time to time and give the holy mother some draught that always gave her ease. I had been sitting at her side reading some prayers aloud, obedient to her wish, when suddenly I saw that she was sleeping; and ceasing to speak, lest the sound of the words should wake her, I closed the book and rested my head upon my hand. I could not find an easy posture, and I was very weary from want of sleep, for I had watched nearly all the night before. At last I slid out of the chair, and gathering myself against the wall, wrapped part of an extra coverlid that I had taken from the bed when the holy mother complained of feverishness, about me; and, determining to keep awake, disposed myself for slumber. I had no thought of concealing myself when I drew the drapery that was thrown across the chair I had been sitting in, over my body; but that I was concealed I was conscious of in another moment, by hearing Sister Annunciata's voice, saying as she entered the room—

"Where can she be—I left her here!"

I was going to speak, when Father Bertram's voice gave answer—

"She is in the chapel at early vespers. I passed her in coming here, but did not note her face."

Sister Annunciata saw me at that moment. I was about to rise, when her eye held me still, and she came, and, standing where I was, let her long robe sweep over me. Father Bertram, who had till then stood in the doorway, came in; there was a lamp near the foot of the bed.

"Father, will not the light break her rest?" asked the sister. "Place it without the door, I entreat; her hand feels moist, and there may be health in this slumber."

Father Bertram murmured a prayer and obeyed. Then he came back again and whispered softly, using the English tongue for the first time in my knowledge since the night Guy died.

"How is Honora's mind, daughter?" An instant passed before an answer came, and he added: "Is she a prey to the wild frenzy that so disturbed her family, or has quiet and the prayers of the good sisters done for her, as it was our hope?"

"She is greatly calmed," the sister replied, slowly, "and a blessed hope has taken the place of the stormy excitement that possessed her at first."

"Daughter, it is well for you to know," the priest's voice went on to say, "that an inherited weakness of mind made it necessary for those to whom she is nearest, to desire that a contact with the world and its troubles and distresses might be spared her. Young as she is, she has given them cause for fear and apprehensions for the future; and a late illness brought this latent disease of the mind into such a threatening strength, that a little justifiable deception was necessary: she was brought here without her own knowledge and consent, because it was her only hope of recovery. It has been blessed with reality, and her noviciate will be a short one. She will take the vows upon her when I return from the 'Sacred Heart,' whither I go to celebrate the Blessed Assumption, by the confirmation of the village youth."

"She brings an endowment to the convent, which will not be received until she is one of the sisterhood. Does she know this?"

"No," returned the father, hastily, and his tone was neither so cold nor measured as the nun's. "I have told you these things, daughter, that you may know how to prepare her for the holy and blessed privilege of being set apart from the world, as one freed from its temptations and cares; those things that do not bear upon the name and place she is to assume among us, need have no mention in the converse that you hold on sacred things."

Sister Annunciata bowed her head, and coming nearer, the father lowered his voice to a whisper:

"There is one thing more—and in telling you this, I put a trust in you that to one less devoted to the holy cause, I should never name. It is well to keep her separate from all strangers; here upon the coast it might happen, by some strange chance, that one of her native place might be thrown. It is not impossible that the dowry to the convent should be paid in such a way; some one may bring it, or it may be sent in care—who can tell? But this is certain, that she must not meet them, for her health's sake; for her soul's sake; and knowing its great importance, you will see this."

No word came in reply, but a bending of the head from Sister Annunciata; the priest, without appearing to seek for more, stooped over the bed an instant to listen to the breathing of the sleeping abbess, and then slowly retired. He had scarcely gone, when she dropped down on her knees beside me, as if in prayer, and whispered in my ear—

"You heard it all. Neill Fogarty gives you to him, and with you gives an endowment to the convent. He will be here to bring it; there is no one else he can trust so far. When he comes it will be our time to do. Hark! the organ sounds; the good father is in the chapel. Go there and join him; but creep in kneeling, and do not rise till the mass is over."

Obeying her to the letter, I spent the time that should have been given to prayer, in striving to stem the whirling excitement of my brain, at the thought that I should see Neill Fogarty face to face once more.

I was pressing myself close to the stone pillar beside which I knelt, for my head was hot with the fever of my mind; and something striking my chest and paining, made me think what it could be. I put my hand in the breast of my loose robe and felt it. It was the little key I wore, and a strange magnetic thrill trembled over all my frame as my hand touched it, and I remembered the scene that had passed in the very chapel where I was kneeling—the icy hand I took it from; the coffin, with its heavy lid that slid away from me; my own terror at what I had done, and the sudden sight of Father Bertram, with those wonderful eyes of his, that asked everything and told nothing in reply—all came back, as it were then passing before my eyes. I looked at the vault door, and it seemed to melt away and show me the coffin that lay beneath. The mystery of my life was in it—the man who had been with me always, without one thrill of love in his nature for what had grown almost to womanhood beneath his eye, that had lived in silence with me for years, whose beautiful eyes had never glanced at me with harshness or tenderness, whose life had been silent and inexplicable, and whose death had been the greatest mystery of all.

The last peal of the organ had died away, the sisters had risen around me. I stood upon my feet, and Father Bertram, passing slowly down the aisle, looked toward me. As my eye met his, the lonely little cottage, with the wild storm rattling the casement, seemed to surround us; the passive form in its strange dress lay upon the bed, and his voice once more uttered the words—"God's peace be upon you, Monica!" The same tones blessed me now as he came on and stood before me, and mechanically I bowed my head, lest he should read the picture that glowed within my mind reflected in my eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DARK CLOUD.

Father Bertram left us within a fortnight after the time when, under cover of the sister's robes, I had heard him instruct her concerning my future fate. The holy mother had so far recovered as nominally to assume her place in the convent parlor, but in reality Sister Annunciata was the ruling spirit of the simple-minded sisterhood. It was enough for them that Father Bertram confided in her, and that to her hands the ancient abbess resigned the charge of her narrow routine of duties. Being a gentle, contented, prayerful group of women, with an unvarying quiet in their lives and faces, which the slight changes that might occur in their experiences could never disturb, they submitted unmurmuringly to the influence her stronger mind held over them. With the lynx-eyes of an inscrutable priest removed from us, part of the severity of our intercourse was gone, but Sister Annunciata had been too long and too entirely dead to the world to revive again to what my heart told me she must once have been. Unflinching in the discharge of her duties as convent teacher, wrapt in the sacred interests of her saintly life, the moments when with a changed face and earnest voice she would break into ardent remembrances of the home that had once been hers, and was still the only one I acknowledged as mine, were more like fitful gleams of a smothered memory, than part of her existence or being. Besides, although in Father Bertram's absence I felt that all necessity for restraint had departed, she evidently was less assured, her watchful eye would suddenly detect the presence of a passing sister, whose scholess footsteps had come upon us unheard, and her warning glance would seal my lips until the sombre form was gone.

Looking back, I do not think that this was needless caution; but I had no suspicion then that the silent nuns, who sometimes wandered up and down the garden walk, keeping us in the range of their downcast eyes, had any thought or object in their minds except the prayers they murmured, or the rosaries they held. Sister Annunciata was my friend, that I felt and knew from the first, but she was nevertheless a nun, and silence had become to her a second nature; in the moments when we conversed with the most freedom her words were few and measured. Her eyes answered me, and questioned me, and it was their warm, awakening light that changed her, at those times, from the emotionless devotee to the living being full of ardent feeling. To fix her identity as belonging to any one of whom I had ever heard, was to me a task and a mystery that I was always engaged in completing and solving without success. Once I turned to her suddenly, and said:

"Did you ever know any one named Monica, sister?"

The white face that looked at me became crimson, a dark, red flush rose and spread over it, then died out, leaving it white again; for a little while she bit her lip and looked upon the ground; then she turned her eyes toward me.

"What do you know?" she asked.

"There was a handsome gentleman; I told you of him; he came to Father Bertram the night after they buried Guy, and he questioned the father of his life and re-

tirement here, telling him that he was devoted even to his memory, through gratitude for the kindness Guy Herbert had shown his mother."

She interrupted me—"Why do you say Guy Herbert?" She broke off and looked around narrowly on all sides—then she continued, "Is there no other name for one so near?"

"I know he was my uncle, but he bade me call him Guy. I never knew why, and never thought until it was impossible to discover. Well, this gentleman whose name I never know—"

"It was young Terrence Darrel," she said quietly, as if to herself.

"Do you know him?" I asked eagerly.

She smiled, made a slight motion of her hands around her as if to remind me of the limit of the convent walls, and answered:

"I *know* no one beyond here. I *knew* him once."

He had been the first idea that ever woke before my mind of another kind of beings than the cold and silent class with whom my life had dawned; and as the sister spoke, I felt the charm of his bright face and genial manner renew itself within my heart. I wished to question her concerning him; her uplifted hand urged me to proceed, and I went on:

"He said he had known the family at the Reefs; the beautiful Nell, whose loveliness was famous in his boyhood; and Guy, he said, was her lover; why they ever parted was a mystery; he begged the father to explain, but Father Bertram would not, or could not answer him; then he mentioned Monica; she was Guy's half-sister, he said; but there he paused, and hinting something about some disgrace her existence was to the family—I did not understand why—dropped the theme, and that is all I know of her."

"All, Honora?" the eyes as well as the voice of Sister Annunciata questioned me.

"No, not all," I replied. "Father Bertram used the name to Guy the night I brought him to the cottage to see him die. Oh, sister! dear sister! tell me what he meant?"

For a while the nun sat silent, looking intently on me with a gaze that grew more and more sad and solemn. When at last she spoke, her voice was low and mournful, and her eyes were full of pity and tenderness:

"Honora, you never saw Guy Herbert in all your life!"

Her words seemed meaningless at first; surprise took away from me the power of understanding them; gradually they forced their sense upon my mind, and without the ability to utter a sound, my lips formed the question:

"Who lies in the vault yonder?" and my trembling hands were stretched toward the chapel.

"Some one who looked so like him as to take his name and place on earth for years and years after he had gone."

"Gone, sister! Did he die? Oh, tell me why I had to bear a part in all this mesh of mystery?"

We were sitting by the window, where poor Sister Leoda had taken her last look on the sea, and from the rising ground on which the convent stood, Pasco, its little bay, its scattered houses, and the winding road leading from it to the rude Gothic portal in the wall surrounding us, lay plain before me. I had not looked at it; my gaze was fixed on the nun's face, and it was her quickly bending forward and straining her dilating eyes in that direction that attracted mine toward it. An indescribable excitement suddenly took possession of her. She sprang to her feet and drew me with her.

"Look!" she cried, in a piercing whisper, clutching both my hands and holding me close to the open casement. "Look, some one comes to answer you!"

She loosened her grasp and slowly raised her eyes and hands to heaven; terrible and gleaming they were to me, as silent and awe-struck I watched them breathlessly.

"Neill Fogarty, I swear by the heaven you have outraged, that when you cross this threshold your peace and security are gone forever. Your own plans shall thwart you, your own lips betray you, and I, one of the many you have wronged, swear to deliver you to your doom."

From the narrow hill-side path there emerged, as she said these words, the forms of Father Bertram and a priest, who walked at his side with a bowed head and listening attitude. The convent father seemed talking in a suppressed but earnest manner, and his companion, with the slow and measured step belonging to his sombre, trailing robe, seemed rapt in following his words. The shadows thrown from the high walls received them from our sight, and presently the opening portal announced their entrance into the convent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DISCLOSURES.

Sister Annunciata left my side long before Father Bertram emerged from the little room where he had carried me the night of the funeral in the chapel, and whither he had now conducted the stranger who accompanied him. The time of twilight was approaching, and I had risen to leave the spot by the casement where I had remained spell-bound by the sister's words ever since she uttered them. I might have suspected long ago that the one I had called Guy all my life had assumed the part and place of another, and that it was a dreary, heavy load to bear, and that death had been hailed joyfully as a deliverer. The woman's dress, the name of Monica, the cold, unvarying method of separation that divided us two, who lived alone together, yet so far apart, might have opened any other mind to suspicion, and been a clue to lead it out of the labyrinth of inexplicable circumstance that hedged me on every side. But I was born with all these surroundings, and knew no other. All that would appear strange and unusual to another was habitual to me; and knowing nothing of the blessed common places of existence, I accepted its phenomena without demur. The character ascribed to Guy Herbert by the stranger whom Sister Annunciata called Terrence Darrel, was something so startling that I had brooded over it night and day, comparing it with what I knew of my life-long companion, and being more and more confused at every thought. But the idea of Guy Herbert being only a name assumed by some one whose only right and power over me lay in his possessing it, was something too far beyond anything I had seen or known even to suggest itself to me.

In all the perplexity awakened by the sister's solemn avowal, but one clear, distinct thought had a steady place. It was this: that around the name, whose ever it

"LOOK—SOME ONE COMES TO ANSWER YOU."

might once have been, clustered all the tenderness of my memory, all the clinging and rejected devotion I had felt for its quiet, passionless assumer. It was with this feeling strong upon me that I arose at the sound of the father's coming feet, and tried to pass through the hall before he gained the place where I stood. It was impossible; I had not taken a dozen steps when he stood before me. His face was expressive of such a calm and beautiful peace, that involuntarily I bent my head to receive his blessing; his voice sounded more than usually soft and musical as he pronounced it, and he added:

"The life of prayer and peace has done much for you already, daughter. Yours is a blessed choice."

It was the hour for vespers, and I hurried away to join the nuns on their way to the chapel. I saw Sister Annunciata no more at that time. I feared to look about me, and my thoughts were busy, for I recalled her words and remembered her promise. I went to bed, but sleep did not come to me, and I lay with open eyes staring into the darkness and peopling it with memories, some tender and some terrible. Sir Brian, the one bright and steady light of my existence, was all I could fix my heart on; around him whirled, in a confused mass, his evil-minded, plotting brother, the mysterious nun; the shrouded form, with but one long lock of golden hair to claim its identity; the impalpable being who perished long ago, whose name only I had clung to and held in reverence; and lastly, the unknown companion whose reality was buried years on years ago, and who now lay mouldering in the chapel vaults, bearing another title.

I heard a faint rustle at my side, and a voice said softly: "Honora, it is I."

I rose, and the speaker placed my gown around my shoulders and whispered:

"Come with me; be silent, for your life; but if we are discovered, affect to be wandering in your sleep; and I, finding that you had left your bed, will say I have followed you."

It was Sister Annunciata who told me this, and I lost no time in throwing the loose robe round me and following her. We took the main passage, which was densely dark, but every turn was familiar to us; then we groped along the little hall that led to Father Bertram's cell. Here a faint light fell upon the stone floor, and she drew me back an instant.

"Be careful," she breathed in my ear; "the door is open; they could not close it, for I thrust a flint under the hinge when they were in the refectory. Watch the new priest—remember his face."

Then we went forward again, creeping slowly and noiselessly along till we were close to the door. I crouched a little and glanced in. Father Bertram sat over against the wall, and his face was somewhat in the shadow; but his companion, the priest, was full before me, and I saw a form I knew well; it was Neill Fogarty's. They were talking together, but in such low whispers that almost all they said was lost to us. English was not the tongue I had spoken constantly as a child, and that was the language they conversed in. By-and-by the words, from some bitter meaning they contained, seemed to rouse Neill, and imperceptibly his tones grew louder, and I caught the words: "Caprice, it is an absurd term to use in connection with this business." It was Father Bertram who had used it, and he reiterated it in a voice that had none of the angry intonations of the other's, and with a face that was as immovable as a chiselled image of repose.

"Yes, it was capricious to demand the child; she need not have left the convent, and her doing so has been time and trouble lost; and, worse than all, has extended your confidence."

"My confidence! What in the name of heaven do you mean, Launce?"

The priest's hand rose warningly at these words, and the name of Launce smote familiarly on my ear.

"I am called Father Bertram, even by Englishmen," said the priest.

"Explain what you have said," demanded the other, but his tone was quieter than before.

"The girl was unmanageable; a convent is not a Bedlam, and we could neither confine her in a cell nor bind her hand and foot. There is an English sister here who will in time be abbess; to her, with what explanation I might, I gave Honora in charge."

"I see nothing to be feared in this."

"There is nothing to be feared. I simply said there was another added to the list which you have struggled to decrease. Sister Annunciata may be trusted, so have no fear."

"If you told her what was necessary alone, there is but little to trust."

Neill sat and looked uneasily as he waited for Father Bertram's answer. It came slowly and deliberately, and the good priest's eyes were fixed on the ground as he uttered it.

"You acknowledge to knowing neither rest nor peace whilst Honora remained at The Reefs. Sending her hither neither deprived her of the powers of speech nor memory."

"She should have been watched," cried the other, impatiently.

"She was watched; but one may watch and listen; therefore I say Sister Annunciata is in your confidence."

Neill made a movement as if to rise, but sat down again and laid his hand upon the priest's robe.

"Listen," he said, in a deep tone and speaking with an effort, as if any confession or acknowledgment were painful to him; "when I sent for the girl I had never seen her, and I had no thought of the horrible likeness that there is in her face that makes it a curse to look at her. I had no suspicion that Brian—doting fool that he is—would break through his fierce old habit of frightening and bullying every one who comes within his range, and suddenly become an idiot about the child, and make a goddess of the creature I meant to drop into any obscure corner where she should be out of the way and in safe keeping. Who under heaven could have seen all this, or that the poor crazy wretch that caused us all this miserable trouble should wander through a passage, the existence of which every one had forgotten, and come upon the girl and see her face, and rave about it till she died?"

Father Bertram rose and stood upright. He threw back the cowl from his forehead and passed his hand backward and forward over it. Sister Annunciata, whose presence I had forgotten, leaned forward and touched me, as a warning to be in readiness to fly, but the father's face chained me to the spot. Its colorless surface became ghastly, and the features looked pinched and haggard in the faint light that gleamed on it. His countenance seemed for the moment to wear the hue and look of death. It passed away and he sat down; a moment more, and he turned the same imperturbable face, with its deep, quiet eyes, toward Neill, that for the long years I had known him, I had never seen changed before. Neill had noted his emotion, and said, softly:

"Yes, Launce, Neil is dead. I would have told you long ago, but after our compact I dreaded to utter her name. I stumbled on it to-night, because you were unreasonably accusing me of caprice in not knowing by instinct what was best to be done with this girl—Honora."

The priest made no reply, but continued to look steadily upon his companion, who evidently grew uneasy under his gaze.

"I could neither alter nor in any way prevent the end that had been coming, slowly and surely, for years. The sight of the child's face did something, but could it have been prevented, when no one suspected the possibility of their meeting? Had there been a word uttered you would care to hear, you should have known it at once. She died quietly in Brian's arms; he would let no one else approach her, and he stayed by her day and night till they buried her. You see I have nothing to tell you."

"And you wished to spare me the pain you knew belonged to such a disclosure?"

There was no change in Father Bertram's voice; but, as he spoke he leaned forward, watching, apparently, in Neill's eyes, for the effect of his words:

"Two years ago a woman died at Pasco—a woman who had many years before given up youth and beauty, and all that promises joy in life, even to the very name and form of womanhood, and leaving all this behind, had descended into a living tomb for the sake of one she loved better than life or reason. She died day by day from the instant she set foot upon this shore. There was no hope for her; she knew it, and yet had the courage to bear her burden till death unclasped and rolled it into the grave with her. You knew her, Neill, and suffered with her, knowing what she lost for you. You heard her implore me to call her Monica once more, when I knew that she was dying, and no one could harm you by discovering it, and to let her woman's garments be upon her in her grave, that she might lie in peace. Having felt this, you sought to spare me the pang of knowing Neil had gone to heaven—a woman for whom I would once have gladly died, and whom I never harmed, save by protecting those near to her from disgrace, and saving the religion I profess from insult."

Neill Forgarty looked his worst under the quiet gaze of Father Bertram. He changed his position, threw his eyes upon the ground and bit his lips; then he said:

"No, Launce, I will not deceive you; I feared you might accuse me of—I scarcely know what—or might lose your willingness to assist and serve me. I cannot explain my fears, but I am so beset at times that I fear everything."

Sister Annunciata clutched my shoulder fiercely, and beckoned me to follow her.

"If I were like you there would be much for you to fear," said the priest, and with these last words I rose, and in my bare feet crept noiselessly away. When we were alone together in the cell, the sister whispered to me:

"I must find your clothes—I mean the dress you wore when you came here. Neill Fogarty will leave Spain before the week is out, and you must be ready to follow him."

"Will Father Bertram consent?" I asked.

"You will go secretly, and I will cover your flight. You might have gone before, perhaps, but I want to place a power in your hands that will save you from future trouble, and put that wretched creature yonder under your feet."

With this, murmuring that she would watch for my dress, and try to discover where it was placed, she went silently away and left me.

The next day I looked freely into Father Bertram's face as he greeted me. Beside his companion, he seemed almost my friend, and worthy of trust and reliance. I could not catch a glimpse of the other, and for a while feared that he had gone; until, evening being come, I saw his long robe sweep down the garden walk in company with Father Bertram.

The sister's quiet face all that day and the next, her complete absorption in the lessons and prayers of the day, her abstracted silence when we were alone, and the cold, unanswering gaze of her eyes when sought by mine, made what had passed seem a mere delusion; but I knew her, and felt that whatever the expression worn by her face, her truth and friendship to me were to be relied on. During these two days of which I speak, nothing out of the routine of our convent life occurred, but the little incident of which I am going to speak. It was on the morning of the second day, and I was drawing patterns for the children's lace work—as Sister Leoda had taught me to do—in the convent parlor, when Balthus, a son of Paulo, the fisherman, presented himself with a basket of fish.

"I cannot find Sister Baptista, the portress," he said; "shall I leave all that are here?"

Sister Annunciata rose to examine the stock he displayed, and I turned round slightly, so that the boy caught sight of my face. I knew him as one of the villagers, and he remembered me. I had not seen him in all the long months that had passed since I was brought back; but that circumstance did not explain his starting with astonishment, and looking at me fixedly with open eyes.

"Take them to the kitchen," said the sister, returning from her scrutiny; and the youth's eyes, without ceasing to look at me, slowly withdrew themselves from the room. Attracted by the gaze, I rose and followed him. In the hall near the window that overlooked the sea, he paused a moment to look back, and saw that I was close beside him.

"Oh," he said, "is it truly Honora, the English child?"

I smiled and assured him it was really I.

"Then, why are you here?" he continued. "The great gentleman whose beautiful ship lies there"—he pointed at random on the bay—"he said you had gone; he had been here many times, and he pays my father some gold to ask of you. My father said you were gone; the holy father said you were gone. Then, why," he added, returning to his first point, "why are you here?"

I answered him by asking eagerly who the gentleman was who was so interested in me. His name he had never heard; but of his person he was ready and willing to give a very minute and perplexing description. He had very beautiful eyes, very beautiful hair. His smile was lovely, and he was altogether perfect in the eyes of Balthus, particularly in the readiness with which he gave "some gold" for any information.

All at once a thought flashed on the boy, to his infinite relief, for he saw that despite the intricate description I had received, no dawning recognition of the stranger awoke in my mind.

"When the Englishman died my father saw this gentleman, who much wished to see the dead Englishman. My father told the holy father, and the holy father said he would see him when he came to the convent. You were ill then; the gentleman told my father so; and the holy father let him see you, because the Englishman was buried."

"Yes, yes," I cried, "now I know;" and, thanking the little fisher again and again for what he had told me, I hurried back to my work, glancing from time to time at Sister Annunciata's face, for an opportunity of disclosing to her that I had discovered Terrence Darrell to be either at Pasco or Santander. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOOD CORN.—A Missourian informed a traveller who inquired about his corn that each stalk had nine ears on it, and was fifteen feet high.

"That's nothing to our corn," replied the traveller. "Up in Illinois, where I came from, we had always nine ears to each stalk, and a peck of shelled corn hanging to each tassel, but we could never raise any field beans with it."

"Why?"

"Because the corn grew so fast that it always pulled the beans up."

☞ Swift, who reasoned upon the folly of the dread of death, sums up thus:—"It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind."

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XLIII.

RUNNING WATER.

Although the Indians, if judged by the standard of our advanced civilization, are still plunged in the deepest barbarism, they are far from being so ferocious at the present day as they were fifty or sixty years ago. In spite of themselves, their continued contact with the white men has gradually modified their manners, and their native cruelty is beginning to yield to gentler feelings and less cruel customs. The usage of torturing the enemies whom fate has thrown into their hands is beginning to die out, and it is only under exceptional circumstances that prisoners are still attacked to the stake.

The honor of this progress is entirely due to the missionaries, those sublime pioneers of civilization who, at the peril of their life, disdaining fatigue and danger to win over a soul to our holy religion, constantly traverse the desert in all directions, preaching to the Indians and gradually initiating them in the comforts of civilization. The Comanches especially, that indomitable and haughty race, the undegenerated descendants of the first owners of the soil, no longer torture their prisoners, save under extraordinary circumstances.

The tribe of the Red Buffalos had, at a certain period, tried to enter the great family of civilized nations; and certainly, if it fell back into barbarism, the blame cannot be fairly laid on the Red Skins. The sachems and aged men remembered, with sighs of regret, the long and quiet years they had passed on the Mexican territory, tilling the soil, breeding cattle, and protected from insults and depredations. Hence they kept up an implacable hatred of the man who had ruined their lodges, burnt their crops, killed their horses, and forced them to resume their nomadic life by driving them back like wild beasts into the desert. The most persistent feeling in the heart of the Indians is hatred; they only live in the hope of vengeance.

After long years of expectation the Red Buffalos at length saw their desires satisfied. The wife and daughter of the man who was the cause of all their woes had fallen into their hands, and frightful reprisals were preparing, the more so, because one of these ladies was that terrible Queen of the Savannah before whom they had so long trembled. On the morning of the day appointed for the holiday—for such the death of the captives was to the Indians—the sun rose radiantly in a golden mist. The whole tribe had been assembled to witness the punishment of the Queen of the Savannah. On the plain, about a musket shot from the teocali, and in a spacious forest clearing, two stakes had been planted in the ground, and round them was piled up the wood destined to burn mother and daughter alive. The wood had been chosen in a green state in order that it might burn with difficulty and produce a dense smoke. It was an ingenious mode of making the torture last longer by rendering it more atrocious.

The women and children, more ferocious than the warriors, had been busy since daybreak in cutting small pointed splints of larch wood, which were to be thrust under the nails of the victims. Scalping knives were ground, and the points of the lances sharpened. Warriors were preparing sulphur matches, while others were heating iron nails, to be thrust into the bleeding wounds inflicted by their comrades. In a word, all, men, women, and children, were expending their ingenuity in inventing instruments of torture, and rendering the frightful punishment more cruel still.

The two ladies had spent the night in prayer. They only hoped now in God, in whom they placed entire confidence. Calm and resigned they awaited their executioners. The glad shouts of the Indians and the noise of their horrible preparations reached their ears. At times they shuddered; but mother and daughter then exchanged a look full of tenderness, and their clasped hands were furtively pressed. The captives passed the whole morning in a state of moral agony impossible to describe. Their torture had already begun. The Indians, with a refinement of cruelty perfectly in accordance with their manners, took a delight in thus heightening their suffering by a continued succession of fears and apprehensions.

The chiefs had decided that the punishment should not begin till the great heat of the day had passed. At length, about one o'clock, a sound of footsteps was heard, and the mayor-domo entered the prison of his captives. His manner was rough and abrupt, and his hollow eyes seemed to flash fire. He tried in vain to hide a terrible emotion which overpowered him.

"I have come for your answer," he said in a metallic voice.

"We are ready to die," they replied impetuously; and they rose and walked towards him.

"You are mad," he exclaimed with a bitter laugh. "Who says anything about death, you weak creatures? Impelled by a nervous excitement which will soon abandon you, you try in vain to deceive me by deceiving yourselves. Death is nothing, but suffering is everything."

"Heaven will give us the necessary strength to support it," Dona Emilia answered.

"Unhappy woman! Even supposing you can endure a slow death of several hours, will you expose your daughter to it?"

The Indian had hit the mark. Dona Emilia felt all her courage abandon her. She hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"Villain!" the young lady exclaimed passionately, "even if my mother, blinded by her tenderness for me, were so weak as to consent to the odious compact which you proposed to us, I would prefer death, and would kill myself with my own hand, sooner than belong to you."

The Indian burst into the yell of a wild beast. "It is too much, proud Spanish girl!" he shouted furiously. "Your fate is decided. Follow me!"

"Show me the way," the noble maiden said proudly. "The hangman should go before his victims. Come, mother, lean on my arm. I am strong, for I already feel as if I no longer belonged to this world. Dry your tears and raise your head, mother. Do not let these monsters suppose that your courage fails you."

"Alas!" Dona Emilia answered, as she mechanically passed her arm through her daughter's, "poor child, I am the cause of your death. Oh forgive me! forgive me!"

"Forgive you, mother? What? That I am about to die with you? Oh, could I ever hope for greater happiness!"

"I implore you, daughter, not to let your filial affection deceive you. I see it now. I was mad, and did wrong in exhorting you to die. Death is horrible at your age, my child, when you have scarce entered upon life and all still appears smiling."

"All the better, mother," the maiden answered, kissing her forehead. "I have only known the sweets of life; does not that make me the happier?"

"Oh, oh, woe is me!" Dona Emilia exclaimed, as she twined her arms desperately; "I have killed my daughter."

The Indian listened gloomy and pensive; a poignant remorse was silently gnawing his heart.

"Mother," Dona Diana said, kneeling piously before her, as she was wont to do each night in happier times; "mother, you are a holy woman; mother, bless your child."

"Oh, bless you, bless you; may God hear the prayer I offer up, and withdraw from you this frightful cup, to offer it to me alone."

The maiden rose. Her face shone with a pure and holy joy; never had her features reflected such a sublime expression; she was lovely, with the beauty of Virgin and Martyr.

"Let us go," she said, in a tone of authority which overpowered her mother's grief, "we should not keep our murderers waiting."

And with a sovereign gesture she showed the Indian chief the door. The latter, involuntarily overcome by this omnipotent will, went out with hanging head, and the two ladies followed him. They walked down the staircase of the teocali with a firm step, followed and preceded by a number of old squaws and children, who overwhelmed them with insults and hurled mud in their faces. Dona Diana smiled; for a moment she felt her mother's arm tremble upon hers; fancying that the latter was giving way, she leaned gently over to her and said with an ineffable expression—

"Courage, my kind mother, each step brings us nearer to heaven."

They at length reached the plain; on the last step they looked round instinctively to take a farewell glance at the wretched spot in which they had suffered so greatly. The Indian warriors, squaws and children greeted the arrival of the captives on the plain with a yell of ferocious joy. The Stag had called up several braves, who, by his orders, ranged themselves round the prisoners, in order to protect them from the insults of the hideous women, who, at each step, rushed toward them as if to tear them with their long nails, which were bent like the claws of a panther.

"The pale-face women must not be wounded before they are fastened to the stake," the chief said; "they would not have the strength left to endure the torture."

This reason appeared just, and the squaws restricted themselves to hurling at them the most disgusting insults they could imagine, resolved soon to take their revenge for the constraint imposed on them at this moment. Perhaps, in speaking as he had done, the mayor-domo disguised his thoughts, and this cruel insinuation was, in reality, hidden protection.

The distance to the place of torture was rather long; the two ladies, but little accustomed to walk through brambles and thorns, advanced slowly to their Calvary; still, they approached, and at length entered the clearing. The sachems of the tribe, gravely seated in a semi-circle in front of the stakes of torture, were stoically smoking their calumets. The sinister procession stopped before them, and the Stag advanced.

"Here are the two white captives!" he said in a voice which, despite all his efforts, trembled slightly.

Running Water raised his head and fixed his dull glance on the prisoners, while a cruel smile curled his thin lips, and displayed his teeth, white as those of a jaguar.

"Well," he asked, "what do they resolve? do they accept the conditions the council offered them, or do they prefer death?"

The Stag turned to the captives with an expression of indescribable agony. They looked away from him disdainfully.

"They prefer death," he said.

"Wah!" the chief remarked, "the pale-face squaws are like the red wolves of the prairie; they have a deal of boasting and little courage. Let them die, as they wish it; their cries of pain will rejoice the hearts of the Red Buffalos."

A yell of joy greeted this finale, and the two ladies were led to the posts.

"There is still time," the Stag whispered in a hollow voice in the maiden's ear; "save yourself; save your mother! one word, but one, and you will escape the horrible punishment that threatens you."

"No," she answered in a firm voice, "I will not save myself by a cowardly deed; my fate is in the hands of God, and He can deliver me if He wills it."

"Summon thy God to thy help, then, proud fool, but make haste, for in a second it will be too late."

Suddenly, as if God wished to confound the blasphemer, a discharge of musketry burst forth like a thunder-clap, and thirty horsemen dashed into the clearing, uttering cries of defiance, and felling all who opposed their passage with sabre-cuts and blows with their gun stocks. The Indians, who fancied themselves safe in their den, were terrified by this sudden attack, for which they were the less prepared, because the majority of them, supposing that they were going to celebrate a festival, had thrown their weapons pell-mell in a corner of the clearing. At the first moment the medley was frightful; the Indians fell like ripe corn beneath the strokes of the hunters. The women, half mad with terror, escaped in all directions, uttering fearful shrieks. Some warriors, however, had succeeded in recovering their lances, and prepared for a regular resistance.

"Ah!" the mayor-domo shouted, as he seized Dona Diana in his arms, "dead or alive, you shall not escape me."

And lifting the maiden as if she were an infant, he started for the teocali.

"Mother, help, help!" the maiden shrieked in terror.

Dona Emilia leapt on the Indian and clung to him like a lioness; it was in vain that the latter tried to free himself; maternal love had increased her strength a hundred-fold.

"Hold on, hold on!" Oliver shouted, as he made his horse leap over the corpses.

The Stag heard him, and he understood that his victim would escape him.

"Ah!" he shouted wildly, "die then!"

And raising his scalping-knife, he tried to stab her to the heart; but, with a movement swift as thought, Dona Emilia threw herself before the knife which completely disappeared in her throat.

"Thank you, my God!" she exclaimed, as she clung to the arm of the Comanche with a last supreme effort.

At the same moment Clary's sabre descended on the head of the chief, who rolled on the ground with cloven skull, dragging down with him the two females, one of whom was in the death agony, while the other had fainted, but was saved by her mother's heroic devotion. With the assistance of some of his comrades, Oliver raised the captives from the ground.

The battle was at an end; the Comanches had fled, leaving the clearing encumbered with corpses and a number of wounded, whom the implacable warriors set to work despatching with the cold cruelty of men accustomed to such a task.

"Stay," said Oliver, noticing Running Water lying a few paces from him covered with wounds, "do not kill that man, he is an old acquaintance of mine."

The hunter had placed Dona Diana in her father's arms. Don Annibal, delighted at seeing his daughter saved, but rendered desperate by the fate of his wife, was striving, by all the means in his power, to recall her to life.

"Good-bye," Dona Emilia murmured in a dying voice, as she gently pressed the hands of her daughter and her husband; "our daughter will console you for my loss. I die happy, because I die in saving her."

And gently laying her head on her husband's shoulder, she gave back her soul to God, still trying to smile on those whom she was leaving forever.

It was after confiding Dona Diana to her father that Clary noticed Running Water. Count de Melgosa was lying by the side of the old sachem, with a lance thrust through his thigh. The hunters were preparing to remove the count to a more convenient spot, but the sachem, who had hitherto remained motionless, with his eyes closed as if he were already dead, gave a sudden start, and raised his head.

"One moment," he said, rising on his elbow with a great effort, "let me say a couple of words to this man."

The count ordered the hunters to withdraw.

"Chief, I am grieved to see you in this state," the Canadian said compassionately, for he remembered the sachem's kind reception; "let me bind up your wounds, and then you can speak at your ease."

"What good!" the chief answered bitterly; "I feel death approaching; its black wings are already spread out over my eyes; do not torment me."

"Let him speak," the count interrupted, "perhaps what he has to say to me may be more important than we suspect."

"Yes, yes," the chief continued with a groan, "much more than you believe."

And with a supreme effort he placed his face close to the count's, exclaiming with an expression of deadly hatred—

"Do you recognize me?"

"No," the count answered, after gazing fixedly at him.

The features of the old chief, already altered by the approach of death, assumed a sinister expression.

"You do not recognize me," he said in a hollow voice, "and yet you are my enemy. My hand has fallen heavily upon you. You remember your brother's horrible death? Well, it was I who killed him. Oh! a portion of my vengeance has escaped me to-day, it is true, but my soul will not fly away alone to our happy hunting grounds. This woman, the Queen of the Savannah, and her daughter are dead. I have, therefore, gained my object."

"You are mistaken, chief," honest Clary interrupted him, scandalized by the Indian's language at such a moment; "although the Queen of the Savannah, as you call Dona Emilia, is dead, I was so fortunate as to save her daughter."

A convulsive quivering ran over the Indian's body; he gave the hunter an angry look, but almost immediately resumed, with a triumphant look—

"I have also sacrificed another victim to my hatred, the boy I carried off and entrusted to the Sumach."

"Well?" the Canadian said, with a cunning look, with the evident intention of drawing the Red Skin into a thorough confession.

"Yes, yes," the chief continued bitterly, "I know that all the pale-faces are cowards, and that this one betrayed me."

The adventurer gave a start of passion, which was at once checked.

"That boy," the sachem exclaimed with cruel delight, "Don Annibal educated as if he were his own son. Ah, ah! that handsome Don Melchior Diaz!"

"Well?" the count said, with feverish impatience.

"He was your son; but he is dead—crushed at the foot of a precipice."

Oliver leant over the chief, and gently touched his shoulder.

"Look, scoundrel!" he said, pointing to the young man who was running up to help the count, "look, and die in despair, for there is the man whom you believe dead."

Running Water raised himself as if sustained by unknown strength; his eyes, dilated by horror and disappointed rage, were fixed on the young man with a terrible expression.

"Oh!" he exclaimed in a thundering voice, "all, all saved! the God of the pale-faces has conquered!"

And he fell back without an effort to prevent it; ere he touched the ground he was dead.

* * * * * *

Don Melchior Diaz was recognized without any difficulty as the count's son, and a year after the events we have narrated married Dona Diana. Don Annibal de Saldibar, inconsolable at his wife's death, withdrew to a monastery in Mexico; after giving all his property to his son-in-law and daughter, he took the vows, but grief had destroyed all his energy. Don Annibal survived but a short time the death of the woman he had so dearly loved, and, in accordance with his request, was buried by her side.

Oliver Clary and his friend Moonshine, in spite of the young Count de Melgosa's earnest entreaties that they would remain with him made but a short stay at the hacienda. Carried away by the irresistible attractions of desert life, they resumed their adventurous excursions in the savannah, at the head of their bold cuadrilla, joyously recommencing the happy existence of woodrangers, and carrying with them Diego Lopez, who had always a sneaking affection for the prairie.

[THE END.]

☞ When a man takes more pleasure in earning money than in spending it, he has taken the first step towards wealth.

"Wanted—A Clerk."

A few days ago, a gentleman advertised in this paper for a clerk, and requested applicants to address their notes to him at the Ledger Office. By the close of the first day on which the advertisement appeared, there were four hundred and eighteen applicants for this one clerkship. This afforded a most forcible illustration of the extent to which the occupation of clerking and book-keeping is overstocked in this city. But a few months previous, the head of a business establishment, who wished some help in the way of writing, but in which some literary ability was required, advertised for an assistant, at a moderate salary, and having incidentally mentioned that the position might suit a lawyer or physician not in good practice, got more than a hundred applications, of which fifty-three were from young lawyers and doctors. Here was another illustration of an over supply of the professional or "genteel occupations." Another advertiser in the Ledger, who wanted a person to take charge of the editorial work of a weekly paper, got fifty-seven applications, not more than half a dozen of the applicants being recognized newspaper writers, but nearly all of them being clerks, book-keepers and professional men. Still another advertised for two apprentices in a wheelwright and smith shop, in one of the semi-rural wards of the city, requesting applicants to give their address and age. He got three applications, but in every case the applicant was too old, two of them being over eighteen, and one nearly twenty. Still another advertised for an office boy, about fourteen years old, and had so many applicants that his place was crowded for more than five hours, and the applicants were of all ages, from mere children not more than twelve years old to full-grown men of twenty-one.

These are not very cheerful or encouraging signs. They are such, however, as every man and woman in Philadelphia should give attention to. The present generation of young men seem to have a strong aversion to every kind of trade, business, calling or occupation that requires manual labor, and an equally strong tendency towards some so-called "genteel" employment or profession. The result is seen in such lamentable facts as those above stated—a superabundance of elegant penmen, book-keepers and clerks of every kind who can get no employment, and are wasting their lives in the vain pursuit of what is not to be had; and a terrible overstock of lawyers without practice and doctors without patients. The passion on the part of boys and young men to be clerks, office attendants, messengers, anything, so that it is not work of the kind that will make them mechanics or tradesmen, is a deplorable sight to those who have full opportunities to see the distressing effects of it in the struggle for such employments by those unfortunates who have put it out of their power to do anything else by neglecting to learn some permanent trade or business in which trained skill can always be turned to account. The applications for clerkships and similar positions in large establishments are numerous beyond anything that would be thought of by those who have no chance to witness it. Parents and relatives, as well as the boys and young men themselves, seem to be afflicted with the same infatuation. To all such we say, that the most unwise advice you can give to your boy is to encourage him to be a clerk or a book-keeper. At the best, it is not a well paid occupation. Very frequently it is among the very poorest. This is the case when the clerk is fortunate enough to be employed; but if he should happen to be out of place, then comes the weary search, the fearful struggle with the thousands of others looking for places, the never-ending disappointments, the hope deferred that makes the heart sick, the strife with poverty, the humiliations that take all the manhood out of the poor souls, the privations and sufferings of those who depend upon his earnings, and who have no resource when he is earning nothing. No father, no mother, no relative should wish to see their boys or kindred wasting their young lives in striving after the genteel positions that bring such trials and privations upon them in after life.

How do these deplorably false notions as to choice of occupation get into the heads of boys? Why do they or their parents consider it more "genteel" or desirable to run errands, sweep out offices, make fires, copy letters, &c., than to make hats or shoes, or lay bricks, or wield the saw or jack-plane, or handle the machinist's file, or the blacksmith's hammer? We have heard that some of them get these notions at school. If this be true, it is a sad perversion of the means of education provided for our youth, which are intended to make them *useful*, as well as intelligent members of society, and not useless drags and drones. Should it be so, that the present generation of boys get it into their heads that, because they have more school learning and book accomplishment than their fathers had, they must therefore look down upon the trades that require skill and handicraft, and whose productions make up the vast mass of the wealth of every country, then it is time for the Controllers and the Directors to have the interior walls of our school houses covered with maxims and mottoes, warning them against the fatal error.—*Philada. Ledger.*

☞ There are two periods in the life of man, at which he is too wise to tell woman the exact truth; when he is in love, and when he isn't.

☞ All persons unconsciously observe the same rule in regard to distance in kicking a man out of doors, for they invariably keep one foot from him.

☞ Near Vasa, Minnesota, was lately dug up a huge stone axe. It was found by the side of a skeleton of gigantic size, in an ancient Indian mound. The axe is said to have been one of the largest ever found, and cannot be wielded by a person of ordinary strength.

☞ THE CIVIL SERVICE.—It is asserted that the present condition of the public service entails a loss of $100,000,000 a year. Of this amount $25,000,000 are charged to the Department of Customs, and $75,000,000 to that of Internal Revenue.

☞ The Wisconsin lumbermen are worried by mice, which overrun their camps in hosts. They are importing large invoices of cats to remove the plague.

☞ A prisoner was examined in court, and contradicted himself. "Why do you lie so?" asked the judge; "haven't you a lawyer?"

☞ A Savannah paper says that Alexander H. Stephens has been offered $25,000 for his first volume of "The War Among the States."

☞ Victor Hugo has written another ejaculatory, interjectional and staccato letter, the gist of which is, that he is *not* going to start a newspaper.

GOOD-NIGHT.

O sweet, my love, the hour is late;
The moon goes down in silver state,
As here alone I watch and wait;
  Though far from thee, my lips repeat
  In whispers low, good-night, my sweet.

The house is still, though o'er the gloom
Of starlit gardens faint with bloom,
I lean from out my darkened room;
  And only hear the roaming breeze
  Move softly in the lilac trees.

Somewhere beneath these gracious skies
My bonnie love a dreaming lies,
With summer brooding in her eyes;
  Go seek her, happy wind so free,
  And kiss her folded hands for me.

Across this dome of silent air
On climes of floating ether bear,
To where she sleeps, my whispered prayer;
  The day has brought the night forlorn,
  God keep thee, little love, till dawn.

While life is dear, and love is best,
And young moons drop adown the west,
My lone heart, turning to its rest
  Beneath the stars, shall whisper clear,
  Good-night, my sweet, though none may hear.

Presentiments.

"What is the subject of your next design?" asked a merry party of friends of Hogarth. "The End of All Things," was the reply. "In that case," said one, jokingly, "there will be an end of the artist." "There will," rejoined Hogarth, with a depth of solemnity that was strange in him. He set about the plate in hot haste, broke up his tools when he had finished it, entitled the print "Finis," and, a short time after its publication, lay stretched in death.

"Poor Weston!" exclaimed Foote, as he stood dejectedly contemplating the portrait of a brother actor recently dead, "poor Weston! Soon others shall say, 'Poor Foote.'" In a few days he was borne out to his burial. Woolsey knew the exact time at which his death would take place. "What is the hour of the day!" he asked Cavendish on the morning before his death. "Something past eight," replied the attendant. "Past eight!" mused the little, great lord cardinal, "eight—eight of the clock, eight of the clock—nay, it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock you shall lose your master." On the following morning, while the clock was striking eight, he died. He was wrong as to the day—right as to the hour.

A French lady of title had a presentiment that on a given day she should die at twelve o'clock. Believing it to be a delusion, her physicians ordered every clock in the neighborhood to be put back by an hour. She was sinking fast, but lived on until nearly one, when she was told of the innocent deception that had been practised upon her. The doctors had underrated the power of imagination. "Cruel," she murmured, "thus to lengthen out the pain of dying," and sinking back upon her pillow, she expired.

"Better in arms than upon one's bed," muttered an officer of the army of Italy, on being appointed to lead a forlorn hope. Napoleon sent for the man, and learned that he believed he was to die at midnight. The expedition was postponed for an hour, and another leader had to be selected for it. The captain who had the presentiment was seized with an apoplectic fit while marshalling his men, and died on the last stroke of twelve.

"We sometimes feel within ourselves," says John Hunter, "that we shall not live; for the vital powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain." Mozart had long been in failing health when he received his order for his last "Requiem;" Hogarth was conscious of decaying powers when he sat down to design the "End of All Things." Both held out till they had finished the work they had in hand.

Education in England.

If there be any one word which expresses the beginning, middle, and end of what is taught to a young woman carefully brought up in the upper ranks of English life, it is CONSIDERATION. *Noblesse oblige* is a motto never lost sight of in the early training. As soon as a child can open a book or appreciate a picture, it is taught its duty to show something or do something that may contribute to the enjoyment of some friend or visitor; and life is thus made a study of thoughtful attention to others. Such a training as this and such early habits gave to the Duchess of Sutherland, in her magnificent beauty, a sort of divining power by which she was enabled always to say and do precisely the right thing, and to give pleasure to every one who approached her.

One instance of her thoughtfulness is worth mentioning here. In a party that arrived at Dunrobin Castle, one evening, were two young American girls, who never had been in society in their own country. As the party arrived late, they were not dressed in season, when the brilliant dinner-company assembled in the drawing-room, previous to passing out to the dinner-table. The Duchess herself, however, attended these guests to their rooms, and saw to their comfort, and, appreciating the natural diffidence of young persons, she bade them not to give themselves any uneasiness, as she would send after them in time for dinner. After a little while, instead of sending a servant to convoy them to the drawing-room, she came herself to their apartments, and said, graciously, "I hope I have not kept you waiting;" and taking a hand of each, with motherly tenderness, she led them with her into the drawing-room.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ Among the precious stones found in Maine are garnet, beryl, agate, jasper and tourmalin.

☞ A saloon up-town uses the cream of its customers' jokes to put in the coffee. A good deal of it is thin and almost tasteless.

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oct31-tf

☞ A New York contemporary says, probably truly, of our politics nowadays, that "Organized Rings absolutely control every branch of the government. The visionary fools they lead by the nose are twaddling about universal suffrage, reconstruction, payment of the national debt, and other abstractions, while these practical rogues devote themselves to the commonplace business of stealing. Railroads, steam-ship lines, war claims, duties on imports, taxes on whiskey and tobacco, Indian contracts, and nearly all other subjects of legislation, are made the vehicles of gigantic and shameless robbery."

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☞ *Please mention that you saw this in the Saturday Evening Post.*

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☞ PHYSICIANS AND WILLS.—It has been decided by the Supreme Court of Maryland that "the writing of a will by a physician, who takes a benefit under it, is not *prima facie* evidence of fraud or undue influence, but simply a circumstance demanding more than ordinary circumspection by the courts." A will thus prepared was sustained by the jury, and the physician fully vindicated, without argument upon the part of his attorneys.

☞ It is an old joke that the "Bridge of Sighs" is of very small size; but, we believe, a new one, that its architects preferred small sighs to a full groan.

☞ The corrupt associations which prey on the government are called "rings," probably because there is no end to them.

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Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
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Breaches of Promise.

It is not often that a gentleman shows his hatred of flirtation and inconstancy by prosecuting the young woman who has jilted him; but it sometimes happens. The other day an English gentleman returned from America, whither he had gone to win a fortune for a certain Miss Smith, to find that the young lady had married somebody else. He had sold a farm in Columbia in order to hurry home to this light-o'-love, and, having thus sustained loss, demanded some *solatium*. The jury fined the young lady two hundred pounds for her frailty, which it is to be hoped her husband paid with a good grace. But one of the newspapers was wicked enough to say that the case should not be regarded as a precedent, as it was too bad to imagine that a gentleman who expected a lady's affection to survive his long absence in America should be thus compensated for his ignorance of human nature.

Half the miseries of love arise from the fact that volition has so little power over the affections, and that a breach once made in love is scarcely ever reparable. What is constancy? Suppose the gentleman of whom we have just spoken had returned to find Miss Smith unmarried. During his absence she has become deeply interested in a third person; perhaps she has not; in either case the old love for her lover is gone. She cannot help the fact; he cannot repair it. But, says the world, constancy demands that she shall redeem her promise. Is it right or fitting that she should do so? Even if the man is willing to marry a woman who does not love him, ought she to permit the farce, and peril the whole future happiness of both of them? Constancy, in such a case, is a crime and a blunder, for which both are likely to suffer heavily. Once a woman's love is gone, all contingent promises should go with it. The commonest thing for lovers to do is to swear tremendous vows of truth and loyalty, give all manner of pledges, and make stringent compacts. What is the use? You cannot catch the ethereal fragrance of love with these pitiful mouse-traps. All you can faithfully perform of these promises is the bare ceremony of marriage; and if, by that time, the old love has fled, who would marry? As for the care on the part of a woman to keep herself out of temptation, that depends on her character, which, also, vows do not affect. If a woman is prone to flirtation, she will attract possible lovers unconsciously. She will explain the intimacy she permits with an ingenious casuistry that quite satisfies her own conscience. And the fact is, that if she does get off with the old love and take on with the new, the old lover has reason to thank God that she did so before marriage! A woman with this weakness in her constitution is always unsafe; and the mischief done when she is unmarried is nothing to what might occur under other circumstances.

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mar14-tf

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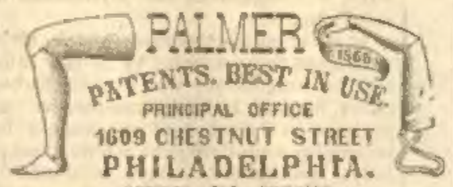

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One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
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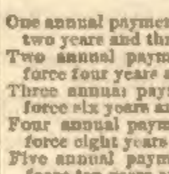
N. B.—Editors publishing the above, including this paragraph, one week, will receive a copy of "Ginger Snaps" free. jan16-3m



Curls! Curls!

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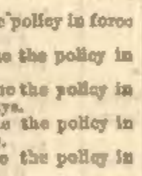

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sep26-eow1y

WIT AND HUMOR.

Apt Retort.

There is an excellent story on record of an architect repudiating any connection with the building fraternity in the case of the late eminent and talented Mr. Alexander, the architect of Rochester Bridge and several other fine buildings in the county of Kent. He was under cross-examination in a special jury case at Maidstone, by Sergeant—afterwards Baron—Garrow, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony, and who, after asking him what was his name, proceeded: "You are a builder, I believe?" "No, sir, I am an architect." "Ah! well; architect or builder, builder or architect, they are much the same, I suppose?" "I beg your pardon, sir, I cannot admit that; I consider them to be totally different." "Oh, indeed! perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists?" "An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the design, draws out the specifications—in short supplies the mind; the builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter; the builder, in fact, is the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together, and sets it going." "Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do; and now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference perhaps you can inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?" And now mark the reply, which, for promptness and wit, is perhaps not to be rivalled in the whole history of rejoinder: "There was no architect, sir, and hence their confusion!"

Political Joke.

The following is told of Judge Cone, of Georgia, and the candidate for door-keeper of the State Senate:

[Enter Candidate, who supposes the Judge to be a member of the Legislature.]

Candidate—If you please, sir, I wish to be elected door-keeper of the Senate, and if you will be so good as to vote for me I will try to—

Judge—Take a seat, sir, and I will examine you.

Candidate—Yes, sir, if you please.

Judge (gravely)—Have you ever been a door-keeper?

Candidate—No, sir; but I trust, by your vote and—

Judge—Have you ever been instructed in the responsible and arduous duties of door-keeping?

Candidate—No, sir, but I would seek to be.

Judge—Have you ever attended lectures on door-keeping?

Candidate—Why, no; I never heard of any.

Judge (sternly)—Have you ever read a book on the science of door-keeping?

Candidate—I never did, sir, but I would if—

Judge—Have you ever conversed with one who has read such a book?

Candidate—No, sir, but I certainly will.

Judge (solemnly)—Do you not see, sir, that you have not a single qualification for the office?

[Exit Candidate, resolved to go home and give it up.]

The above is respectfully commended to the attention of General Grant.

Anecdote of General Sherman.

There are many stories current relating to Gen. Sherman—and this one he tells himself:—

The Lieutenant-General, as is now well known, is not the neatest of mortals, and one day an intimate friend, in the army of the Tennessee, asked him why he dressed so. "I'll tell you," said the general. "When I was a second-lieutenant, I was ordered one day to Washington city, and went in all the glory of a bran new uniform. I was standing in front of the hotel, sunning myself, and quietly smoking my cigar, when I became aware that I had attracted the attention of a number of small boys, who gathered around in such numbers, and with such admiring countenances upturned to mine, that I could not but notice them. As I did so, one of the oldest of them spoke up in a loud voice and asked, 'Mister, where is your engine goin' to squirt?'"

Gen. Sherman has never been guilty of a completely new uniform since; he buys his uniforms in detachments, and wears them out in instalments.

A Puzzled Yankee.

Jinks tells a good story of a man on a Mississippi steamer who was questioned by a Yankee. The gentleman, to humor the fellow, replied to all the questions straightforwardly until the inquisitor was fairly puzzled for an interrogatory. At last he inquired—

"Look here, Squire—where was yeou born?"

"I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont St., No. 44, left hand side, on the 1st day of August, 1820, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin."

Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said—

"Yeas; wall, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?"

Carefully Brought Up.

A pious old clergyman, while wending his way to his church one Sunday morning, caught sight of the two sons of one of his parishioners, going into the woods, evidently for the purpose of hunting. Feeling certain that anything like direct remonstrance with the young gentlemen themselves would scarcely turn them from their ways, he waited until after "preaching," and sought the old gentleman, their father. After recounting the circumstances of meeting Billy and Sammy as he had done, he closed an affecting appeal by inquiring of their father why they had not been "brought up in the fear of the Lord?"

"Fear of the Lord, parson—fear of the Lord! Why, they *hev!* They're so 'feared of him now they dassent go out Sunday without double-bar'l'd shot guns on their shoulders!"

☞ STATE OF THE MARKET.—Bread Stuffs—Rising every day. Gunpowder—Goes off easily. Bitter Beer—This article has a *downward* tendency. Indigo—The trade is dying. Pickled Pork—Dead, and very inactive. Brandy—Very spirited. Vermillion—Finds a reddy sale. Nutmegs—In greater demand. Soda Water—Brisk and lively. Lead—Very heavy.

MASTER OF THE SITUATION?

SCENE—Mr. Tetherabort's sanctum. ENTER—Mrs. T. and her cook.

COOK (with her usual promptitude—*she* never kept anybody waiting).—"Oh, if you please, sir, I wish to complain of Missis! which she come a dictatern' and a hinterferin' in your kitching in a way as I'm sure you wouldn't approve on, &c., &c.

T. confesses he felt (for the first and last time) a delicious sensation of being apparently master in his own house. She was an admirable cook, and altogether a most excell—— BUT HOWEVER SHE HAD TO GO!

SCANDAL LANE.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

It is not on the signboard, sir,
  Go search both far and wide;
Or in the town directory,
  The map or railroad guide;
If you pump your neighbors, sir,
  You pump, alas! in vain,
For no one e'er acknowledged yet
  He lived in Scandal Lane!

It is a fearful neighborhood,
  So secret and so sly;
Although the tenants oftentimes
  Include the rich and high.
I'm told they're even cannibals,
  And when they dine or sup,
By way of change they'll turn about,
  And eat each other up!

They much prefer the youthful, sir,
  The beautiful and *rare;*
They grind up character and all,
  And call it wholesome fare!
And should the helpless victim wince,
  They heed not cries of pain;
These very bloody cannibals
  That live in Scandal Lane!

If you should chance to dine with them,
  Pray never be deceived;
When they seem most like bosom friends,
  They're least to be believed.
Their claws are sheathed in velvet, sir,
  Their teeth are hid by smiles,
And woe betide the innocent
  Who falls beneath their wiles.

When they have singled out their prey,
  They make a cat-like spring;
Or hug them like a serpent, ere
  They plant the fatal sting!
And then they wash their guilty hands,
  But don't efface the stain,
These very greedy cannibals
  That live in Scandal Lane!

SUNSHINE FOR THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY DR. HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

We have been told by some consumptives that one of the best prescriptions we have made has been their removal from a north room to the sunny south chamber. As we write, two cases come to mind, strikingly illustrative of the sun's benign influence. We had been attending, at an orphan asylum, a girl about twelve years old, who had been long ill of severe typhoid fever. She was wholly prostrated in mind and body, and emaciated to the last degree. It was plain that she was falling into that depressed condition of all the powers of life that so often precedes consumption. Day after day we visited her, but all recuperative power seemed lost. Half dead and alive the little creature neither spoke nor [illegible], and ate only on compulsion. One day, on our way to visit her, we felt that elastic thrill which the warm rays of the sun impart in the early cool weather of spring. We involuntarily leaped along, and were instantly struck with the fact that "virtue had gone out of us," when we left behind us the sunlight and warmth of the street, and entered that northern chamber, the dormitory of the poor orphan. That inspiriting influence the invalid had never experienced in the slightest degree during the whole of her sickness, as, owing to its peculiar situation, not a ray of direct sunlight had ever entered the chamber. We were shocked, and for the first time considered the depth of her loss, and our own remissness in regard to her. The air of the room had been pure, the ceilings of the infirmary were lofty, the attendants had been faithful and sagacious. Nothing seemed lacking, in fact, to restore health. Yet it did not come. On the contrary, there seemed a constant downward tendency. "A sun-bath in the warm rays of this delicious spring day is what this girl needs," we instantly said to the sister superior. This lady gladly consented to the change, and placed the little patient in another room having a southern aspect, and consequently filled with sunlight. The invalid immediately recognised the change, and asked, in her weak way, to have the curtains raised, so as to let in the full blaze of the light. Soon she wanted to sit up, and directed to the easy chair, in which she was propped, should be so placed as to allow her whole body below her face to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It was the natural tendency of disease, seeking for all life-renovating influences. And we have never met with so marked or so rapid improvement as immediately began in the body and mind of the girl. Appetite and strength increased daily, and with them burst forth again all the joyousness of the child's heart.

Another analogous case, which, although we do not demonstrate by it the influence of the sun alone, we cannot forbear to name, because by such examples we impress perhaps on the minds of our readers the real principles underlying the whole question. A lady, aged about thirty, resident in the northern part of New England, consulted us for undoubted tubercular disease of the lungs. Her house was well situated, and on the side towards the south was a small piazza resting on stone steps, which was raised two or three feet above the ground. The winter was approaching and rules were to be given. Having full faith in these divine influences of pure air and sunlight, we directed that she should sit out on this piazza every day during the winter, unless it were too stormy. It was so arranged as to shut out the cool air on three sides, and to admit the full blaze of sunlight in front. Here, according to our directions, she used to sit, wrapped in furs, reading or writing for several hours each day during the following winter, and with most excellent results. She was directed frequently to make deep inspirations, in order to fill the lungs with pure air. She was never chilled, because the sun's rays and her warm clothing prevented it. She never "took cold" there. On the contrary, the balmy influences exerted upon her by her daily sun and air bath were so grateful; her breathing became so much easier after each of them, that, whenever a storm came, and prevented the resort to the piazza, the invalid suffered in consequence thereof. Whether these remarks will prove to our readers that want of sunlight may be reckoned among the causes of consumption may well be doubted, but we trust that, at least, they will convince some skeptics that sunlight has a potent influence in raising the human body from various weaknesses that sometimes are the precursors of fatal phthisis.—*Atlantic Monthly, for February.*

The Letter R.

We have a friend who finds it difficult to pronounce the letter R. Meeting him on one occasion, he said—

"Wobbert, have you heard of the great wiot on the Bwystol woad?"

"A what?"

"Why, a wiot, a wiot."

"What the deuse is a wiot?"

"Don't you know what a wiot is?" A wiot is a wumpus."

"Well, now, what is a wumpus? You have got me again."

"Why, you know what I mean. A wiot—a wumpus, a wow."

"O ho! a riot! Yes, yes, I have heard something of that."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Horse.

FOOD.

1. All horses must *not* be fed in the same proportions, without due regard to their ages, their constitutions, and their work. Because the impropriety of such a practice is self-evident. Yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of disease of every kind.

2. Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness. Because there is not proper nourishment in it.

3. Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious. Because it brings on *inflammation* of the bowels and *skin diseases.*

4. Chaff is better for old horses than hay. Because they can chew and digest it better.

5. Mix chaff with corn or beans, and do not give the latter alone. Because it makes the horse chew his food more, and digest it better.

6. Hay or grass alone will not support a horse under hard work. Because there is not sufficient nutritive body in either.

7. When a horse is worked hard its food should chiefly be oats; if not worked hard, its food should chiefly be hay. Because oats furnish more nourishment and flesh making material than any other kind of food. Hay not so much.

8. For a saddle or coach horse, half a peck of sound oats, and eighteen pounds of good hay are sufficient.

If the hay is not good, add a quarter of a peck more oats. A horse that works harder may have rather more of each; one that works little, should have less.

9. Rack feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay, from a manger. Because the food is not then thrown about, and is more easily chewed and digested.

10. Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it. Because it is pleasing to the animal's taste, and more easily digested. [A teaspoonful of salt in a bucket of water is sufficient.]

11. Oats should be bruised for an old horse, but not for a young one. Because the former, through age and defective teeth, cannot chew them properly; the young horse can do so, and they are thus properly mixed with the saliva, and turned into wholesome nutriment.

12. Grass must always be cut for hay before the seed drops. Because the juices that ripen the seed are the most valuable part of the hay. If they are sucked out by its ripening and dropping, the grass *will not turn into hay,* but will only wither and turn yellow.

13. Vetches and cut grass should always be given in the spring to horses that cannot be turned out into the fields. Because they are very cooling and refreshing, and almost medicinal in their effects; but they must be supplied in moderation, as they are liable to ferment in the stomach if given largely.

14. Water your horse from a pond or stream, rather than from a spring or well. Because the latter is generally hard and cold, while the former is soft and comparatively warm. The horse prefers soft muddy water to hard water, though ever so clear.

15. A horse should have at least a pail of water, morning and evening; or, still better, four half pailsful at four several times in the day. Because this assuages his thirst without bloating him. But he should not be made to work directly after he has had a full draught of water; for digestion and exertion can never go on together.

16. Do not allow your horse to have warm water to drink. Because, if he has to drink cold water, after getting accustomed to drinking warm, it will give him the *colic.*

17. When your horse refuses his food, after drinking, go no farther that day. Because the poor creature is *thoroughly beaten.*

ACCIDENTS.

When a horse falls whilst drawing a vehicle—

1. Jump down and hold the animal's head, to prevent him dashing it about to his own injury.

2. Loosen the check rein (if you are so selfish as to use one) and the parts of the harness which fasten on the vehicle.

3. Back the carriage, *so* as to get the shafts and traces clear.

4. Steady and support the horse's head, and excite him, with hand and voice, to rise.

5. When you have got him up, pat and encourage the poor animal, and see if he is wounded, or otherwise injured.

6. Let him stand still a short time to recover himself, and then proceed gently and with greater caution than before.—*From the London Horse Book.*

Curious Discovery.

Some years ago a curious discovery was made by a gentleman of West Roxbury, Mass., and from it a fanciful idea has been developed upon the apples and pears in his orchard. Having observed that an apple did not redden in that part of the fruit where a leaf happened to lie upon it, he cut out letters from newspapers, and, when the apples were yet green, he pasted them upon them with gum-tragacanth. The apples would *redden* in all parts *not* covered by the pasted letters. When the fruit had reddened to perfection the letters were removed, and they would appear perfectly outlined in green. So, again, when he pasted on the apples a paper in which the letters were *cut out,* the *parts* covered by the *paper* would be *green,* and the *letters* would appear, distinctly turned in *red,* the green ground surrounding them. The experiment is a very pretty one; and the orchard in Roxbury exhibited this fall many familiar names and inscriptions, all produced in the skin of the fruit, without abrasion, or any foreign impression.

TO CURE A DOG OF SHEEP-KILLING.—Let him see the sheep he has killed; in his presence take off the pelt, fasten it tightly around him, and make him wear it from one to three days. We think you will never be troubled by his meddling with sheep again.

RECEIPTS.

TO BAKE FISH IN A TIN DISH.—Scale and clean the fish; dry it well; put an ounce of butter or dripping in the dish, and sprinkle a little chopped parsley and onions at the bottom; lay in the fish, season with pepper and salt, and lay over the rest of the chopped onions and parsley, with some bread-crumbs, and a little bit of butter or fat, and a little water or broth over all; put the dish in the oven or before the fire until done.

TO FRY FISH.—The art of frying fish consists in having plenty of grease in the pan and making it boil to the utmost before putting in the fish, which should have been laid to dry for some time in a cloth, and then rubbed with egg, and dipped in bread-crumbs; the grease should be so hot that it browns the fish, not burns it; the fish should be turned once. A fish well fried is not an economical dish, because it requires a great deal of fat to do them.

ONS.—These are a delicious accompaniment to poached or fried eggs. The bacon having been boiled first, is tender and mellow. They are an excellent garnish round veal cutlets, or sweet-breads, or calf's-head hash.

CASTLE PUDDINGS.—Two eggs in the shell, their weight in butter, flour, and white sugar each. Put the butter in a pan before the fire till half melted, then beat into a cream. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs together for ten minutes, mix gently with the butter, add the sugar, and then the flour by degrees, with a very little nutmeg and grated lemon peel. Put it into five or six cups; half fill them, and bake in a slow oven about half an hour.

CRUMPETS.—Mix a pint of warm milk, a quarter of a pint of yeast-broth strained into a strong batter, using a sufficient quantity of flour for the purpose; cover it and let it stand in a warm place to rise, after which add a quarter of a pint of warm milk, and one ounce of butter worked up in just enough flour to prevent the batter from becoming too thin. In about a quarter of an hour place the iron rings on a plate of iron over a stove, pour the batter into these rings, and bake the crumpets. The yeast-broth may be made as follows: boil two quarts of water for half an hour, thicken it with about three spoonfuls of fine flour, and sweetening it with half a pound of brown sugar. When nearly cold, put it into a jug with four spoonfuls of fresh yeast; shake it well, and place it near a fire, uncovered, for a day, to ferment. A thin liquor will appear on the top, which must be poured off.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 18, 8, 7, 17, 11, 16, 15, is a part of a ship.
My 12, 8, 14, 11, 8, is not old.
My 14, 7, 8, 9, is a nobleman.
My 5, 2, 6, 16, 10, 11, is the name of a waterfall.
My 3, 7, 9, 18, is to stop.
My 15, 16, 17, 18, 6, is a part of the year.
My 11, 18, 16, 18, 15, is a commotion of the elements.
My 16, 8, 4, 7, 15, 14, 17, 18, 11, is worn by the ladies.
My 4, 14, 7, 8, is not far distant.
My 15, 2, 17, 12, 13, 10, 7, 9, is the name of a river in Canada.
My 7, 17, 11, 2, 4, is the name of a county in North Carolina.
My 15, 2, 4, 16, is a lake in California.
My whole is the name of a general in the last war.

H. D. CARR.
Laurens, N. Y.

Problem.

A regiment of men was just sufficient to form an equilateral wedge. It was afterwards doubled, but was still found to want 385 men to complete a square containing 5 more men in a side than in the side of the wedge. How many men were in the regiment?

H. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.
☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Problem.

A and B engage to build 50 feet of wall for $12. The material for building the wall is all in a pile at one end, and they agree that moving it is worth as much as laying the wall. A begins at the end where the material is, and B at the other end. A builds 30 feet of the wall, and B builds 20. How much of the money ought each to have?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Problem.

If 9 will be 7, and 8 thereof will be 11, and 15 such be 23, what will 5-6ths of 40 be?

X.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is a young man's arm like the Gospel? Ans.—When it maketh glad the waist places.

☞ When is a cane-bottomed chair like a bill? Ans.—When you re-seat it, of course.

☞ Talking of mist, what is the difference between a falling star and a fog? Ans.—One is missed in heaven, and the other mist on earth.

☞ Who dare sit before the king with his hat on? Ans.—A coachman.

☞ Why was Noah never hungry in the ark? Ans.—Because he always had Ham with him.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—"I wish you to understand the true principles of government; I wish them carried out; I ask nothing more."—*President Harrison.*

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 21st—A's time, 32 minutes; B's, 1 hour and 20 minutes. Force of wind per minute, 396 feet—W. H. Morrow. A, 32 minutes; B, 80 minutes. Force of wind, ¼ mile per minute—J. N. Soders. A, 32 minutes; B, 80 minutes. Force of wind, 24 rods per minute—J. Steele, Jr. A, 32 minutes; B, 80 minutes. Force of wind, 04285 miles per minute—G. H. Wilcox.

Answers to Augustus's PROBLEM of same date—The first yard, $1,5399-128; paying in increasing ratio 1½ of each successive former yard—D. Diefenbach, J. N. Soders. It is an increasing ratio, which is 1,335+. The first yard cost $1.398+. S. S. Knox.

Answer to J. Scott's PROBLEM of same date—In 2 days—J. Scott, J. S. Phebus, J. N. Soders.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 28th—8 rods—W. H. Morrow, J. S. Phebus, J. N. Soders, J. Steele, T. A. Greiner, S. S. Knox and W. J. Barrett. 12 rods—G. H. Wilcox.

Answers to Junior's PROBLEM of same date—Abraham has to pay to each of his sisters $77.08⅓, and Henry $204.58⅓—D. Diefenbach, J. Steele, W. J. Barrett, T. A. Greiner and J. S. Phebus. Abraham, $166.66⅔, and Henry $175.00—J. N. Soders. Abraham, $308,34 and Henry $1058,34—G. H. Wilcox.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Dec. 5th—60, 80, 100 and 120—W. H. Morrow, G. H. Wilcox, J. N. Soders, J. Steele, J. S. Phebus, S. S. Knox, W. W. Whitlace, J. Scott and W. M. Baldwin. 88½, 89½, 90½, 91½—W. J. Barrett.

Answers to P. Jarrett's PROBLEM of same date—Longer sides 132 perches, shorter sides 80 perches—D. Diefenbach, J. Scott, W. J. Barrett, S. W. Cass, J. S. Phebus and G. H. Wilcox. 160 perches in length and 66 perches in breadth—J. Steele, J. N. Soders and S. S. Knox.

MEAT AND POTATO PIE.—Mash three pounds of potatoes with a little dripping and milk, and pepper, and salt to taste. Spread two-thirds in a pie-dish, and place on it a breast of mutton, cut into pieces. Cover the remainder of the potatoes over the top, and bake it for an hour, or more or less, according to the heat of the oven. A side oven, or the bread-oven, when done with for the bread, will often (at no cost for the cooking) bake a pudding for the poor or sick, which will have much more value to them than its cost to the giver. Rice milk, rice pudding, broth of bones, and odds and ends, and many nice puddings and fricassees for the sick or hungry, may be done at very little cost and trouble, in this manner.

RELISHING RASHERS OF BACON.—If you have any cold bacon, you may make a very nice dish of it by cutting into slices about a quarter of an inch thick; grate some crust of bread, and powder them well with it on both sides; lay the rashers in a cheese-toaster; they will be browned on one side in about three minutes; turn them, and do the other.

CLEANSING TAINTED OR MUSTY BARRELS.—"A. N.," Lindley, Mo., writes: "I have practiced the following plan for the last thirty years with complete success. Soak the barrel thoroughly with water, pour out the water, and while still wet fill the barrel with clean, dry sand or loam, but sand is the more easily removed. Let it stand a few days, turn out the sand or earth, and it will be as free from taint or must as when new."